MAY 2, 1988 • $2.25

The Editors: Israel's Bloody-Minded Settlers

JOHN UPDIKE ON JOHN O'HARA • GARRY WILLS ON PAT BUCHANAN

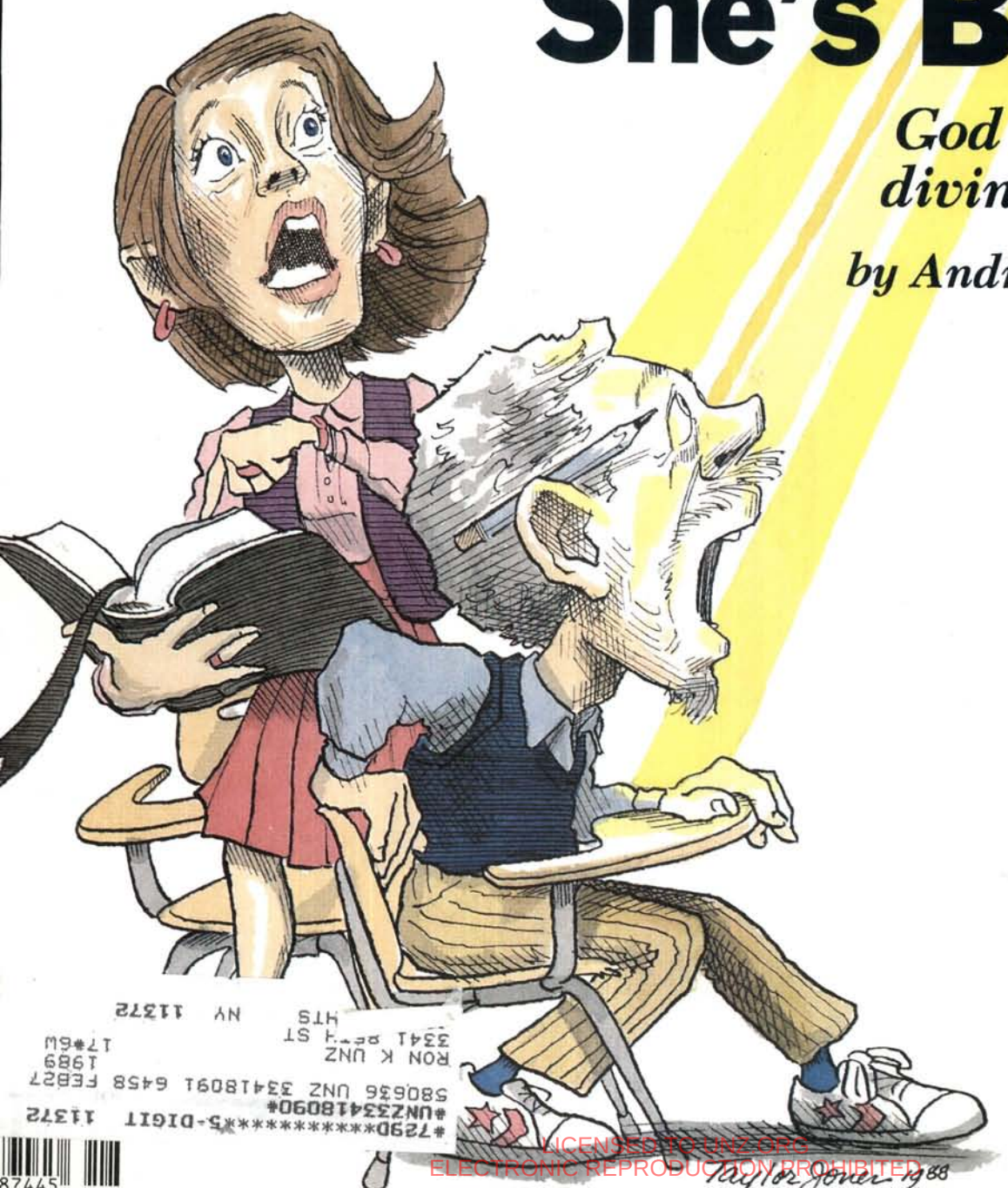
THE BOUNCE WATCH: MEESE AND NORIEGA

THE NEW REPUBLIC

She's Back!

God returns to divinity school

by Andrew Sullivan



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCORPIO

DESIGNED TO HANDLE THE MOST DEMANDING STRETCH OF ALL: YOURS.

The truth is, most German cars are a lot better at handling the Autobahn than they are at handling the human body.

One luxurious exception is the Scorpio touring sedan. Built in Köln, West Germany, Scorpio performs with an over-the-road discipline befitting its European heritage. Yet it balances that performance with a cabin environment which indulges its occupants in space, comfort and tasteful design. The result is what ROAD & TRACK calls the Best Sedan under $27,500 in the world.*

Perhaps the most striking evidence of Scorpio's respect for passengers is in the rear compartment.

Here, legs may stretch out in over 38 inches of legroom (nearly eight inches more than Mercedes 190). Backs and shoulders can ease themselves onto Connolly leather upholstery. And, with a mere flick of the wrist, rear seatbacks may be power-reclined, allowing your companions to relax in what AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE suggests may be "the most comfortable seats in the industry."

Naturally, the driver is equally well attended to, from the ergonomically designed seat to Scorpio's powerful 2.9-liter V-6 engine, independent suspension and anti-lock braking system (ABS).

Scorpio. German performance you can be comfortable with.

For more information call 1-800-822-9282.

*Selected from cars sold in the U.S.
Buckle up—together we can save lives.

Imported from Germany for select Lincoln-Mercury dealers.

Lincoln-Mercury Division Ford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,824

WASHINGTON, D.C. — MAY 2, 1988

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT,
MORTON M. KONDRACKE, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER,
ROBERT WRIGHT

Associate Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

1988 Politics
HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Music
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD

Art
MARK STEVENS

Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,
JAMES K. GLASSMAN, VINT LAWRENCE,
LOUIS MENAND, ROBERT B. REICH,
MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL,
RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW,
ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY

Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE

Assistant Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH

Production Associate
ELDON S. SARTE

Literary Assistant
ANDREW MENDELSOHN

Reporter-Researchers
RICHARD BLOW, WENDY KOHN,
WARD MERRITT, ARI POSNER

President and Publisher
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Associate Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Circulation Director
TOM HICKS

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Advertising Manager
JENNIFER BARRETT

Circulation Manager
PATTY JONES

Accounting Manager
MARIA F. SALATTI

Circulation Assistant
KRISTIN CONRADI

Advertising Assistant
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO

Accounting Assistant
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER

Back Issues and Reception
JENNIFER WILLIAMS

Corporate Marketing
GUY STODDARD

Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... UNSPEAKABLE
Simon Says, don't buy Larry Speakes's book.

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... Ghosts and writers past and present, &c.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... ISRAEL'S MAD SETTLERS
Israeli policy, and Mideast peace, are being held hostage to fanatics. A 15-year-old girl was their first Jewish victim.
NOTEBOOK
What OPEC wants, what Joe Kennedy eats, &c.

8 **CHARLES PAUL FREUND** ..... THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST
From Jesse to baseball.

10 **HENDRIK HERTZBERG** ..... CAMPAIGN '88: THE WIND TUNNEL
New York's primary gets gusty.

12 **MORTON M. KONDRACKE** ..... SHOOT OR GET OFF THE POT
Let's make up our minds about Panama.

13 **JOE QUEENAN** ..... AS MY MOM NEVER SAID
How to make a mountain out of a frying pan.

14 **FRED BARNES** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: HANGING ON
Why Reagan doesn't want Meese to resign.

15 **TINA ROSENBERG** ..... POSTCARD CHILE: CAMP NAZI
Haven't I seen that German farming community in the Andean foothills somewhere before?

18 **ROBERT WRIGHT** ..... ON THE HILL: FIRING LINES
It takes a Republican administration to oppose letting workers know they're about to be axed.

20 **MELANIE BILLINGS-YUN** ..... VIET CON
Thirteen years after Saigon's fall, the West is breaking the promises to the boat people.

23 **ANDREW SULLIVAN** ..... OH MY GOD
What kind of people are going to be America's future priests, rabbis, and ministers? A report from divinity school.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: BIG CITY BLUES
There's not much 1980s angst in *Bright Lights, Big City*.

28 **HILLEL HALKIN** ..... ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF MULTITUDE
Arabesques by Anton Shammas

32 **GARRY WILLS** ..... STANDING PAT
Right from the Beginning by Patrick J. Buchanan

34 **ELIOT A. COHEN** ..... THE HOT COLD WAR
The Forgotten War: America in Korea, 1950-1953 by Clay Blair
The Korean War: Uncertain Victory by Donald Knox
The Korean War by Max Hastings

38 **JOHN UPDIKE** ..... O'HARA'S MESSY MASTERPIECE
The ample world of *Appointment in Samarra*.

40 **PATTIANN ROGERS** ..... POEM *Knot*

42 **NORTHAMPTON DIARIST** ..... BEYOND THERAPY

COVER by Taylor Jones for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 23.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 198, Number 18, Issue 3,824, May 2, 1988. (Printed in the U.S. on April 13, 1988.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 4 & 11, July 18 & 25, Aug. 8 & 15, and Sept. 12 & 19, 1988) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $56; foreign, $81; Canada, $70. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling).

©1988 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322.** For subscription problems call **800-525-0643.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

UNSPEAKABLE

Even Ronald Reagan doesn't deserve Larry Speakes.

Speakes (whose name always made me think of "Simon Says") has just published a memoir of his years as presidential spokesman. *Speaking Out: Inside the Reagan White House* (Scribners) is the reductio ad absurdum of two deplorable fashions in the publishing industry. One derives from Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca's best-selling autobiography. The other derives from budget director David Stockman's famous 1981 confessions to William Greider in the *Atlantic*, which led to best-selling books by both Greider and Stockman. (A third inspiration might be Joseph Heller's 1979 novel, *Good as Gold*, in which a sitting president himself pens a tittle-tattle memoir entitled *My Year in the White House*.)

Iacocca kicked off the fad of memoirs by big shots ghostwritten for them by professional hacks in a jocular, conversational style. Because the prose is by pros, all these books read alike. Two things make Speakes's product, ghosted by one Robert Pack, especially absurd. First, he was never a real big shot. He was just a minor character in a minor job that he only got as a result of a tragedy, John Hinckley's shooting of Jim Brady. Second, although his only claim to fame is as a professional spokesman for someone else, he needs a third party to put words in his own mouth for a book. Subspecialization in the plagiarism industry has really gone too far.

Mr. Hack, I mean Pack, doesn't strain for novelty. When Speakes sat in the Oval Office, "I felt a cold shudder going down my spine. . . . What's a kid from a dusty little cotton town in Mississippi doing here?" When Reagan heard about the Challenger disaster, he "had the saddest look on his face I have ever seen." And so on.

After Stockman, what publishers want from inside-Washington memoirs is not a rounded portrait of the power life, let alone a serious discussion of public affairs, but rather little scooplets of news. Their dream is to make page one (and Dan Rather). That, apparently, sells books, which is odd. Why shell out $19.95 for a book, and take the time to read it, when you've already learned all the juicy stuff for free? It all confirms my suspicion that most nonfiction best sellers are bought for reasons other than reading them, and the publishing industry has accommodated itself to this reality.

So the publisher hires a ghostwriter to plumb the author's brain for "scoops." But scoops of a particular kind. Generally they consist of the insider saying something every outsider knows to be true. Stockman, for example, made headlines by saying that Reagan's tax cuts favored the rich and would lead to huge deficits. This was hardly news. The news was that Stockman said it.

Thus, in a weird twist on the hoary Washington practice of leaving office and cashing in, insiders are now in the business of selling their own gaffes. A gaffe, as readers of this column are tired of hearing me point out, is when a politician tells the truth—some obvious truth that's newsworthy only because he or she wasn't supposed to say it. Capitalizing on the media's huge appetite for gaffes, insiders are now manufacturing them for profit.

Like cultured pearls, manufactured gaffes are more perfectly shaped but somehow less aesthetically pleasing than the natural kind. Since Speakes's views on any serious issue are of no conceivable interest, his manufactured gaffes consist entirely of insults directed at his former colleagues.

Ed Meese is an "ideologue." Caspar Weinberger is "a hard-liner, a small man, a whiny type of guy." Pat Buchanan is "blindly reactionary." Oliver North is a "brazenly-zealous patriot." Don Regan has an oversized ego. Nancy Reagan is powerful behind the scenes and would "stab you in the back." (Look who Speakes.) The president himself has an "operating style" of "delegating many . . . duties to his subordinates."

continued on page 41

WHAT'S BEHIND THE SONG & DANCE?

Watch "WASHINGTON WEEK IN REVIEW"

The most sophisticated analysis of Election '88 by Washington's most experienced journalists! Moderated by Paul Duke.

Watch it on PBS, Fridays at 8 PM. Check local listings. "WASHINGTON WEEK IN REVIEW" is underwritten by Ford Motor Company and Ford Aerospace Corporation.

Ford

A production of WETA/Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Our Editorial Staff Were Bigger, Our World Vision Might Be Smaller.

By news magazine standards, WORLD PRESS REVIEW is small. No vast network of foreign correspondents. No team of copy editors in New York or Washington to filter, shape and flavor the news for American tastes.

A drawback? No—a benefit!

We *borrow* our resources—to give you something that the weekly news magazines don't: a *world* view of your world.

We cull the great newspapers and magazines, all over the globe, to bring you different views. Fresh opinions. Overlooked facts. Generally unnoticed trends.

With WORLD PRESS REVIEW, you get the sense, not just the gist. Because we leave the writing in the authors' own words. Translated, of course, from the French, Finnish, Chinese, Russian, Arabic or whatever. You get the full impact of the original, because you actually get the original: the news as it looks to informed observers close to the scene and familiar with the background.

Nothing between you and the source.

How does the situation look from abroad? What are they thinking, what are they talking about, what concerns them—in Britain, France, West Germany, Australia, Brazil, Mexico? What's being reported, and how, in the Soviet press? The Israeli press? The Syrian press? Now you'll know. Because WORLD PRESS REVIEW never comes between you and the source.

Early warning.

Any signs of political instability? Upheaval in the works? Changes in the wind? *WORLD PRESS REVIEW gives you early warning—months, even years before it breaks out, boils over, impacts on you.*

Global opportunities.

What's the economic outlook? The climate for investment? The new technology? Where are the opportunities in today's global economy and who's in the best position to capitalize? Maybe you! *WORLD PRESS REVIEW could help you profit!*

World awareness.

What's new in books, art, movies, culture, social trends? Where do people in the rest of the world travel when they want to unwind and relax? *Along with everything else, WORLD PRESS REVIEW can add to your pleasure!*

Half price trial.

WORLD PRESS REVIEW can give you what you need in today's world—greater global vision. And we're monthly. Which means you have time to read and absorb each issue before the next arrives.

Not advertised on TV—commercials are too costly—WORLD PRESS REVIEW is available now at the special introductory rate of one year for just $16.97. That's less than half the 12-issue cover cost, and 32% off the regular subscription rate. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Dear World Press Review: 7846NR
Send me the world!

Start my trial subscription to WORLD PRESS REVIEW—guaranteed. My price is just **$16.97** for a full year—less than half the 12-issue cover cost and 32% off the regular subscription rate.

Name_____

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____

State_____ ZIP_____

GUARANTEE. Money back anytime on all issues still due you if WORLD PRESS REVIEW does not increase your global awareness!
Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of your first issue. In Canada, add $4.00. Other foreign add $20.00 (air-speeded). Thank you.

WORLD PRESS Review
P.O. Box 915
Farmingdale, NY 11737

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

GHOSTS PAST AND PRESENT

To the editors:

I was disturbed by the airy assertion by Ari Posner ("The Culture of Plagiarism," April 18) that "Theodore Sorensen wrote John F. Kennedy's Pulitzer Prize-winning book *Profiles in Courage*." The last appearance of this canard was in December 1957 when Drew Pearson voiced it in an interview with Mike Wallace of CBS. Kennedy, as angry as his friends had seen him, had his lawyer, Clark Clifford, institute a suit for $10 million against Pearson and the network. After an examination of the handwritten manuscript (now reposing in the John F. Kennedy Library) and hearing sworn testimony from Sorensen, Pearson retracted his assertion, and the retraction was reported on CBS by Wallace.

History normally grows more accurate as it matures, and it is puzzling to have this falsehood re-emerge 31 years later in the lead paragraph of an article in TNR. I hope you will do what you can to set the record straight so that a blatant misrepresentation will not be woven into the folklore of the Kennedy era.

CHARLES L. BARTLETT
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

In juxtaposing us with columnists alleged to use ghostwriters, Ari Posner continues the tradition of THE NEW REPUBLIC's misguided junior hatchetmen and libels us by implication.

In 25 years of column writing, every daily newspaper column under our names has been written by Evans and Novak—solely, completely, without a single exception. Mr. Posner erred in writing that "Evans and Novak have a staff of four to help them turn out their four weekly columns." Our staff of three consists of two administrative assistants with responsibility for our schedules and bookkeeping and a reporter who does legwork, principally for our tax newsletter.

ROWLAND EVANS AND ROBERT NOVAK
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Surely Ari Posner meant to write that Alexander Hamilton, not Thomas Jefferson, "penned" Washington's Farewell Address. But even that isn't quite correct. Washington wrote a draft, full of bitter complaints about the things his political critics had said. Hamilton revised it, subduing or eliminating the complaints. Hamilton's "main draft," as it is called, was then extensively revised by Washington. The credits have been disputed for nearly two centuries. A distinguished Virginian once scolded me—appropriately—for describing Hamilton as the "ghostwriter" of the Farewell Address. The term is much too strong in view of Hamilton's actual role.

EDWIN M. YODER JR.
Alexandria, Virginia

The editors reply:

In the famous words of Robert Shrum (speechwriter to Ted Kennedy), "The dream will never die."

One of the most thorough discussions of the authorship of *Profiles in Courage* appears in *Jack: The Struggles of John F. Kennedy* (Dial Press, 1980), a generally admiring biography by Herbert Parmet. Parmet describes a vast collaborative effort, involving Senate staff members, friendly academics, and sundry hangers-on, in which Sorensen played the largest role and Kennedy was not even a distant second. The evidence, he concludes, doesn't "even come close to supporting the contention that Jack could have been or was [the book's] major author."

Bartlett refers to a "handwritten manuscript (now reposing in the Kennedy Library)." According to Parmet, this document "in no way resembles the final product. . . . There is no evidence of a Kennedy draft for the overwhelming bulk of the book; and there is evidence for concluding that much of what he did draft was simply not included in the final version."

Parmet interviewed Sorensen, who "declined to be quoted taking credit for the work," but "acknowledged that 'I prepared the materials on which the book is based.' Pressed more closely to delineate the differences between his contributions and Kennedy's, he replied, 'The opening and closing chapters . . . probably were more heavily influenced by his literary style. . . .'" Sorensen told our reporter, Ari Posner, more or less the same thing.

Clark Clifford, on Kennedy's behalf, did indeed pressure Drew Pearson into publicly retracting his charge, made on Mike Wallace's ABC (not CBS) television show, that the book had been ghostwritten. But, as Parmet notes, Pearson didn't know the whole story. Pearson's televised retraction, Parmet reports, was "drafted by Ted Sorensen."

As for Evans and Novak, the reference to them was not intended to imply that their newspaper column is ghostwritten. We believe the context makes that clear. It *was* intended to imply that their tax newsletter is ghostwritten, a fact they don't deny.

Our apologies to Thomas Jefferson.

SCHOENBERG'S AUSTRIA

To the editors:

Geoffrey Wheatcroft writes, in his article against the nationality of Austria ("Absurd Reich," March 28), that Germany is "purged, penitent, reflective, and honest." Then surely he did not see the same Berlin as I did last year. Young Germans have as little interest in the Holocaust as their Austrian counterparts. What strikes me about Germany and Austria today is that one could easily imagine the same leaders in power in both countries had Hitler been victorious. Only the "noble" speeches would be different.

Wheatcroft uses selective pieces of history to support his thesis. One "fact" that he brings in is that my grandfather, the composer Arnold Schoenberg, "called himself a German musician." My grandfather's relationship with Austria varied greatly during his lifetime, but he certainly would have not supported Wheatcroft's thesis. While he may have referred to his position in the history of German music—as opposed to Italian, French, or Russian music—that pointed to a linguistic rather than a nationalistic identity. In 1935 he began a speech to an American Jewish group in Los Angeles with "When we young Austrian-Jewish artists . . ." And in 1950 he proclaimed, "When the First World War began, I was proud to be called to arms and as a soldier I did my duty enthusiastically as a true believer in the house of Hapsburg . . ." It would be stretching the truth to claim that he considered himself an Austrian citizen but a German composer.

Contrary to Wheatcroft's claim that "Austria was treated as a liberated nation rather than a conquered one," Vienna was occupied by the four powers, similar to the situation in Berlin, and was only freed when the Russians decided to leave in 1955 in exchange for Austrian neutrality. Wheatcroft claims

continued on page 41

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
MAY 2, 1988

ISRAEL'S MAD SETTLERS

Fifteen-year-old Tirza Porat, the first Jewish civilian to die in the Palestinian uprising, lived in the Jewish settlement of Elon Moreh near Nablus in the occupied West Bank. Elon Moreh was established in 1976 by a small group of right-wing fanatics, and became a major center of settlement activity under the government of Menachem Begin, who became Israel's prime minister in 1977. It was among the first Jewish settlements to be implanted in the populated Arab heartland of the West Bank.

In those days even Begin's government was somewhat embarrassed by its decision to depart from the settlement policy of the previous decade. That policy had been to permit Jewish settlements in areas under military occupation only where needed for palpable security reasons—and to avoid, as far as possible, populated areas.

We thought then and think today that those earlier settlements were altogether justified. The pre-Six-Day War frontiers were, after all, not borders but only the armistice lines of 1949, which the Arabs had just tried to roll back—roll back, in fact, all the way to the sea. There was, therefore, no great uproar when Israel's Labor government started building settlements in three specific regions: along the Jordan river; adjoining on the east the precariously narrow spine of pre-1967 Israel, squeezed by the West Bank and the Mediterranean; and around Jerusalem. At the time, these categories constituted the limits of the Israeli consensus about settling the occupied territories. The first two categories, at least, did not impinge very much on the Arab population.

By contrast a settlement like Elon Moreh never had the slightest military justification—quite the reverse. And it certainly impinged, physically and psychologically, on a densely settled Arab district. The Nablus area, in fact, is the Palestinian center of pan-Arab sentiment, and a particularly virulent Islamic version of pan-Arab sentiment at that.

At first the Israeli authorities claimed that Elon Moreh was just an archaeological excavation, not a real settlement. But soon the realities overwhelmed the contrivance. It became clear that this was one of a proliferation of Jewish outposts crowding in on the local Arab patrimony. The motives for this form of settlement activity bordered on the mystical: every spot mentioned in Scripture took on enormous contemporary relevance. (Abraham dwelled briefly at Elon Moreh.) But most of those so mystically motivated were also callous folk, mesmerized by the idea of the Promised Land—Greater Israel, all or nothing—and they were deaf and blind to the pain of the indigenous Arabs.

These settlers are, in fact, the flotsam and jetsam of Zionism, neither practical nor truly spiritual. Perhaps a third of them, surprisingly, are recent arrivals from America, whose zealotry was distilled in environs far removed from the practical necessities of building a Jewish homeland with Arab neighbors. Voices in Israel and America (including TNR's) were raised to warn of the dire consequences of settlements such as Elon Moreh. It was predicted they would exacerbate, by their very presence, the already rancorous relations between Jews and Arabs. And they ultimately would hold Israel's ability to make peace hostage to its madmen. (As we wrote of the settlers ten years ago, "These are Israel's fanatics, and they will have to be politically defeated before peace can be fully realized" [TNR, February 25, 1978].)

The Israeli military has shared these fears. Top army brass has never felt that holding the populated areas of the occupied territories was crucial to the defense of the state. Most of them have been quite willing, at least from a military point of view, to see three-quarters of the West Bank restored to Arab sovereignty. They see the settlements as diverting energy and resources and manpower from the essential chores of ensuring security. Whenever the wife of Rabbi Moshe Levinger, head of the settler movement, goes shopping in the Hebron market, she is trailed by young men who should, in the army's view, be guarding the borders. Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin was heard to complain a few weeks ago that every time the child of a settler has a violin lesson in Jerusalem, it takes a division to get him there and back.

In the event of war these Jewish outposts would not add to the strength of Israel. They'd have to be rescued first. Although we're talking about only 6,000 or 7,000 people in the centers of Arab population, they are a real impediment to any plausible peace settlement, and their spokesmen have not been above threatening a civil insurrection of their own if the government were to compromise their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interests—as any government engaged in serious talks would have to do. The army already has had several violent encounters with settlers behaving like vigilantes.

The settlers' capacity for mischief in the territories has long been a nightmare of responsible Israelis. After one brutal incident shortly before the present Palestinian uprising, the army's deputy chief of staff accused some settlers of perpetrating a pogrom on the Palestinians. A pogrom is not exactly what happened on April 6 in the village of Beita, outside Nablus, but the event was nearly as tragic and certainly as grotesque. It reminded Israelis of the extent to which they are, in fact, hostage to their own fanatics and madmen.

What kind of parents, four months into the current outbreak of Palestinian violence, would permit their children to embark on a nature hike that traversed the lands of Palestinian farmers and villagers? And do so without informing the army of their plan, as the rules require? Not just that: they sent as one of two armed guards to protect their offspring a certifiable lunatic, one of Rabbi Meir Kahane's loyalists, whom the government had specifically forbidden to carry weapons or even to enter the Arab town of Nablus, for fear of what he might do.

Although the actual chain of events that led to Tirza Porat's death is unclear, it does seem that the first acts of violence came from some Arabs hurling rocks at the hikers. From here on, the partisan tissue of dishonest accusations and dishonest denials probably keeps us from a precise chronicle. It seems clear, nevertheless, that next the crazed guard killed a farmer who may or may not have thrown stones.

When the dead man's relatives and other villagers, summoned by an enraged *muezzin* from the mosque, started stoning the hikers, the guard drew his young charges around him. Then, with a mad burst of fire, more or less aimed at the Palestinians, he killed one of the children he was there to protect. That this was the cause of her death was not known for two days. In the meantime the Israeli

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	A KISS IS STILL A KISS	*	3
2.	THE TOWER RETORT	—	1
3.	A HOUSE EXPLODED	*	11
4.	CARRY A BIG STINK	4	7
5.	BETTER RED	—	1
6.	HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR	*	3
7.	HEAD IN THE SAND	—	1
8.	BUILDING A BETTER MOUSE	—	1
9.	COPS AND WATCHERS	—	1
10.	THE OLD BALK GAME	—	1

1. A KISS IS STILL A KISS *

Jackson. The New York primary story is Jackson vs. the Jews. It's being illustrated (repeatedly) by the Arafat Kiss, the Farrakhan embrace, and the Koch bite. The real Jackson action, though, is in the British press, which is running hard with a personal background angle that the U.S. press, post-Hart, has been squeamish about.

2. THE TOWER RETORT —

Hijacking. Where was the center of this story? Passengers? They weren't Americans. Kuwait? Despite its steadfastness, it remained peripheral. Various airports? Iranian, Cypriot, and especially Syrian motives remained unexamined. The hijackers gradually developed a mysterious air of who-are-these-guys? But the story ultimately was about its signature shot: the dumped dead. More splatter news.

3. A HOUSE EXPLODED *

Israel. The Beita story—a girl's death, confused post-mortems, oaths of vengeance, destruction of homes, expulsions—is a portrait of values in chaos. Wildly divergent Israeli voices clash daily in the U.S. press. Meanwhile, mild-mannered Edward Said-types begin to replace Arafat as the image of Palestine.

4. CARRY A BIG STINK 4

Panama. Is Noriega still there? In a sense it doesn't matter: he survived long enough for the Panama story to turn against the White House. Noriega remains a bogeyman, but the U.S. looks clumsy and ill-prepared, and the damage to Panama may be severe.

5. BETTER RED —

The communist threat. Polls finding communism a lesser public concern than drugs quantify a phenomenon already apparent from the treatment of Soviet stories: the decline of the communist threat. The minority revolt, the Gorbo-Ligachev brawl, even Afghanistan have played with little emotion. There's little sense of a historic foe experiencing strains of historic import.

6. HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR *

Drug legalization. The middlebrow press continues to report drugs as a plague, but the chorus of elites proposing legalization is growing. The *Economist, Washington Monthly*, and libertarian *Reason* all think that licensing is a useful idea. The post-Len Bias Drug Bubble of 1986 deflated in this same pattern. Indeed, most social change stories move through the press along this route.

7. HEAD IN THE SAND —

Western drought. Western states face serious drought. The primary angle is naturally the snowless winter. But Western water is a problem that has resisted resolution for years. Since the last drought a decade ago, Western cities have grown enormously, and there's no more water to steal. Somewhere down the line is the angle of a threat to Sunbelt expansion.

8. BUILDING A BETTER MOUSE —

Patented life. Freak hybrids, clones, and patented mice are exactly the kind of news that promotes the mystical side of the New Age. Genetic engineers seem to assume everyone's been through MIT; they've got no p.r. at all. Such tinkering hits a touchy nerve, and opponents have a spokesman: Jeremy Rifkin. Though once seen as a kook, Rifkin's persona has been moving toward the center.

9. COPS AND WATCHERS —

America's Most Wanted. Fox's docudrama show about real criminals has actually shown results: criminals have been caught, and over 100 new stations have suddenly signed on. This kind of media interactivity may just be beginning. On a similar wavelength, the hot new cop show is the superrealistic "The Street," purportedly a reaction to "Miami Vice" and its high-gloss daydreams.

10. THE OLD BALK GAME —

Balks. Umps probably called as many balks in the first week of the baseball season as in the last 30 years. The thing about balks is, even die-hard fans can't define them precisely. To reshape pitching around balking would be nuts. Perhaps baseball wants to open up the running game even more. Take me out to the prolegame.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right, from Prime Minister Shamir on down, engaged in the kind of bloodcurdling cries of revenge that they habitually associate with Arabs—another piece of evidence of how well Jewish ultranationalists have adapted to the norms of the neighborhood. "Beita must be erased!" said Haim Druckman, a member of the Knesset representing the National Religious Party. "A place where such a detestable murder is committed cannot remain in existence."

Revenge came quickly. Fourteen houses in the Arab village were demolished, the houses of individuals credibly accused of being among the stoners. Demolishing houses is a Pavlovian reflex of Shin Beth, one of the Security Services (not the Israeli army, by the way, as the press usually reports). Demolishing houses as a form of social discipline is a practice the Israelis inherited from the British Mandate. That is merely an explanation, not an excuse. It is a primitive response, and ineffective besides.

If there is any hopeful sign from this bitter episode, it is the behavior of most of the Arab villagers. Some of the Israeli children themselves told of being rescued from the mob by villagers who took them into their homes. The official army report concluded that "the Arab residents had intended no harm to the Elon Moreh hikers." It noted: "The villagers, had they so wished, could have attacked many more children had they intended to kill them."

Because Israel is a democracy with civilian control of the military, the Israeli army is constrained from explicitly articulating its political perspectives. But in the last couple of weeks, the army has made clear once more the high price Israel pays for allowing a few thousand settlers, living around the major Palestinian towns and cities of the West Bank, to roam freely and provocatively in regions where they will never be welcome and that they will always covet as their own. The tragedy at Beita confirms earlier warnings of the recklessness of a settlement policy justified only by obscure biblical references and Jewish jingoism.

It would clear the air if more Israelis, and American friends of Israel too, would admit that Jewish settlement in the populated heartland of the occupied territories was a terrible mistake. It might even hasten serious negotiations if all parties understood that Israel made no sovereign claim to Jenin, Nablus, Hebron, and other Palestinian cities, and the areas around them.

NOTEBOOK

☐ NEW HOPES FOR RECESSION AND INFLATION: Under the cheery headline "NEW HOPES FOR A GLOBAL OIL COALITION," on April 11 the *New York Times* reported the latest effort to revive the crumbling OPEC oil cartel. The gambit this time is to persuade non-OPEC exporters to share in the production cuts needed to shore up prices. Seven non-OPEC countries, including China, Mexico, and Egypt, have agreed in principle to join the price squeeze, and even the Soviet Union has attended meetings to discuss possible cooperation. As the *Times* noted, there is "no alternative to cooperation except the destructive price competition that has driven oil prices in real dollar terms to where they stood in 1974." Of course where they stood in 1974 was several times higher than where they stood in 1972, thanks to OPEC's initial 1973 price hike. We continue to be astonished at the way the world, and the United States in particular, watches these developments passively—or even with covert approval. The benign language of "coalition," "cooperation," and "stability" disguises the fact that what these nations—most of them ostensibly our friends—are attempting is a conspiracy to raise prices. This is flatly illegal and deeply damaging to the U.S.—not to mention the West in general and the poorest nations of the developing world most of all. Within a day of the latest reports of "cooperation," oil prices were up about a dollar a barrel. This tiny increase alone will cost world oil consumers $20 billion a year, American consumers $6 billion ($100 a family), and America's balance of trade about $2.3 billion. Of the major oil producers, only the U.S. and Britain have an explicit policy against efforts to rig oil prices. Yet the "free market" Reagan administration's actual attitude toward competition in oil prices is at best ambivalent, because of domestic oil interests, and the British government permits the conspirators to meet in London. Since sterner efforts to break the cartel (such as a gasoline tax) seem beyond the pale, the conspirators should at least be told that they are subject to arrest if they attempt to conduct their dirty business within our borders.

☐ SUCH GOOD FRIENDS:

SAUDI ARABIA
AT A GLANCE

Ambassador from USA

Hume Alexander Horan, 53, born in Washington, D.C., specialist in Arabic affairs: "People often say that Islamic countries and the U.S. don't get along. That's bunk. I think that Americans get along better with foreigners than any other nationality does."

HORAN

—*USA Today*, April 1

Saudis Ask U.S. to Recall Envoy

—*Washington Post*, same day

(thanks to Mary Jane McKinven, Alexandria, Virginia)

☐ FROM OUR (DIRECT) MAIL BAG:

Special "Glasnost" Offer!

SOVIET LIFE

4 Zubovsky Blvd., Moscow, USSR

☐ WHAT PRICE BUSINESS WEEK?

IS CAPACITY ABOUT TO ENTER INFLATION TERRITORY?

—*Business Week*, April 18, page 22

INFLATION? NOT LIKELY— THE ECONOMY JUST ISN'T THAT ROBUST

—same magazine, same issue, page 23

(thanks to Greg Schneiders, Washington, D.C.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

□ WHAT YOU MEAN 'US,' WHITE MAN? As if things weren't depressing enough in Ireland, Representative Joe Kennedy just made a state visit. He marked one of Ulster's more understandably security-conscious periods by refusing to submit to a routine search of his car and by telling a British soldier there to get back to his own country. The soldier replied, quite rightly, "I'm in it." Joe then tackled the sensitive subject of the Anglo-Irish agreement, according to British press reports. In a brilliant blast of ignorant demagogy, he told a crowd in the Irish Republic: "The occupying forces here are trying to tell us what to do, what to eat, who to pray to, how to think." The "us" was a nice touch. So too was the idea of "occupying forces"—presumably referring to the British army presence in the North (not, obviously, the Republic), supported by a majority there, originally demanded by Catholics, and now opposed by most mainland Britons. Obviously there are no official restrictions on either side of the border about how to think or whom to pray to. However, British and Irish people of goodwill could not be blamed for wishing to tell Joe Kennedy what to eat.

□ TIME TO BUY PORK FUTURES: Robert Byrd is quitting as Senate majority leader, saying it would "be best for West Virginia and West Virginians" if he were chairman of the Appropriations Committee instead. It doesn't exactly bode well for the budget that the Appropriations chairman should announce in advance that he wants the job to help his own state. It is, though, a fitting note on which to end Byrd's uninspiring tenure as majority leader.

CAMPAIGN '88

THE WIND TUNNEL

New York City

This isn't one campaign, it's a giddy succession of them, and they all feel different. New Hampshire was a movable marathon kaffeeklatsch, all bouncing vans and crowded living rooms. The three-week run-up to Super Tuesday had the feel of a mass airplane hijacking, as planeloads of desperate candidates and their journalistic hostages flew from tarmac to tarmac, stopping only to refuel and blink into television lights. And New York? New York is like a huge, howling political wind tunnel. To have the sensation of speed and danger, all the candidates have to do is step into the gale whipped up by the ethnic, racial, and ideological passions of the place and augmented by the raging egos of its native politicians. A candidate's job is to lean into the wind, clutching his papers, watching his footing, and hoping he won't be the one who gets whooshed away.

The gustiest spot in the state one week before the primary was the stage of the Felt Forum, where the three remaining Democratic candidates came together for a televised debate, the first involving a full cast of characters since February 27 in Atlanta. The Felt Forum is an auditorium sometimes used for boxing matches. When Michael Dukakis, Jesse Jackson, and Albert Gore posed together for photographs, they spontaneously piled their six hands in a stack like teammates before a game. In the ensuing more or less good-natured hand-slapping, Jackson came out on top. That's how the next 90 minutes went too, in the opinion of most people in the room—though after it was chopped up and repackaged on the evening news, the result was a lot less clear.

In the opening moments of the debate, the candidates neatly if unconsciously encapsulated the essence of their approaches in otherwise unremarkable answers to an unremarkable question. Did they think "that after all the primaries are over the nomination should go to the candidate who has received the most popular votes?"

Dukakis went first. "No," he replied flatly, and then paused while a wave of laughter, partly admiring but mostly derisive, washed up from the audience. "I think it ought to go to the candidate who wins the majority of the delegates. That's what this race is all about." End of answer, and pure Dukakis: crisp, confident, literal-minded, a little impatient.

Then Gore. "Well, the—I don't know if that was an attack on Jesse, or what. But I think that the rules clearly provide for the candidate who wins the majority at the convention to receive the nomination. . . . I'm here running as the underdog. . . . New York has been in the past willing to vote for underdogs who believed in something and were willing to fight for what they believed in. And I'm asking for the support of New Yorkers in this race." The standard Gore mix: a feisty (and slightly unfair) little dig, followed by a bit of tactical positioning (as the underdog), followed by some flattery of the audience—stopping short, this time, of pandering.

And Jackson. "The fact of the matter is that one person, one vote—the integrity of that must be protected in this process. Then again, superdelegates have a role to play, and I'm glad superdelegates are involved, because they bring a body of experience and credibility that's crucial to the process. But even superdelegates must not supersede super voters. One person, one vote. . . . And if that is not true, why go through the process of going to the masses? Why not just go to the superdelegates with the super power and the super intelligence who then *e*lect a group of people and *se*lect one their friends and we *e*lect what's left. . . ." A nice anthology of Jacksonian styles of discourse: the ripe, slightly clotted diction; the rap-song wordplay; the tincture of old-leftish jargon ("the masses"); the large populist themes of one person-one vote and democracy—the "message," to use the compulsory 1988 term. And a new note, one Jackson has increasingly sounded of late: the respectful reference to party elders.

Jackson had some especially good moments. He put a new enough spin on an old line to get a laugh even from the most hardened veterans in the press section: "George Bush

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has met with more heads of state than I have. A substantial number of them were dead." He admonished his supporters in the audience, who were far more demonstrative than his rivals', to respect the dignity of the debate and refrain from booing. And his best moment came when he was asked, "Reverend Jackson, would you change the welfare system or any other step in public policy to discourage young women from bearing children out of wedlock?"

"Only in a moral sense," he said, after thinking for a moment. "I would appeal to young people to be mature enough to raise the babies that they make. And I do that as I travel across the country. But I would not do it in a punitive sense, because I understand the context of it. If you in fact leave people trapped in homelessness, lack of education, lack of health care, a deteriorating environment, the sensation of sex may be the only touch they have with life itself. You must lift people's options above that. I'm sensitive to it. I was born to a teenage mother. I know the plight. I know the pain. I know the agony. I know what it's like to be trapped in the underclass with reduced options. I also know how to get out—because I did that." The Dukakis boilerplate that followed—"We've got to reach out to young people," etc.—seemed, in comparison, as grating as a record with the treble turned up too high.

TO ME, Jackson seemed the clear "winner," Gore a clear second, and Dukakis a monotonous last. But few voters watched the whole debate live. Many more got their impressions from the local evening news programs—and on the one I saw the debate was a wash. Jackson was given his Bush joke, and Gore was allowed his snappy retort to Dukakis's remark that he might soon be going after Gore's delegates: "Don't lick your chops too soon, Governor Dukakis."

In one exchange, the story on the box was the opposite of the story in the hall. When the format called for Gore to ask Dukakis a question, Gore described Massachusetts's weekend prison furlough program, noting that two convicted murderers had committed other murders while out on passes and asking slyly, "If you were elected president, would you advocate a similar program for federal penitentiaries?" Dukakis answered, "Al, the difference between you and me is that I have to run a criminal justice system. You never have." The audience greeted this with hostile murmurs, and Dukakis went on to talk about how much crime had declined in his state, ignoring the furlough program—enabling Gore to demand, "Can we get an answer to the first question?" In the full exchange, Gore sounded tough (if a bit too clever), while Dukakis sounded petulant and evasive. But the evening news showed only the last line of Gore's question and the first line of Dukakis's answer, omitting the murmurs and the follow-up—and making Dukakis into the tough guy.

The most contentious and ugly battleground of this primal primary has been, as it was four years ago, the Middle East. But the Jews of New York, like the Jews of Israel, are divided; and other New York Democrats even more so on this issue. Gore has staked out the most "pro-Israel" position, rejecting the idea of a Palestinian state, making a point of disagreeing, politely but by name, with Jackson, and demanding that Dukakis do the same. Jackson, for his part, has managed marginally to lighten the baggage of "Hymietown" and Farrakhan. He has learned to talk the lingo, speaking of "secure borders" for Israel and of Israel's right to a strong defense. Gore's position and the divisions among Jews have given Jackson an opening, which, during the debate, he audaciously took: "There are differences of opinion. There is Shamir; then there is Peres; and Abba Eban; and Peace Now. I identify more with the Labor Party and Peace Now than I do with the Likud wing." Dukakis has slid comfortably into the middle, referring frequently and gracefully to the fact that his wife is Jewish and winning the endorsement of such prominent Jewish politicians as Representatives Stephen Solarz and Charles Schumer of Brooklyn.

ON SUCCESSIVE DAYS Gore and Dukakis had rallies on nearly the same spot in Borough Park, a wildly exotic stronghold of Brooklyn's Orthodox Jewry. Gore's rally, thrown together in a couple of days and conducted without even a bullhorn, was bigger and more enthusiastic than Dukakis's, which was long planned and had a platform loaded with rabbis and loudspeakers. Dukakis had Solarz, the district's congressman, at his side. Gore had to make do with Dov Hikind, a state assemblyman whose attacks on Jackson have been even more intemperate than Mayor Ed Koch's. Gore's audience consisted almost entirely of black-suited men in hats and beards and boys in sidelocks; Dukakis's included schoolchildren. Gore spoke of his differences with Jackson; Dukakis did not mention him. "What about Jackson?" a heckler shouted. Dukakis ignored the heckler, but Solarz, next to him on the platform, caught the heckler's eye, made a face, and gave the thumbs-down sign. "But what does Dukakis think?" the heckler shouted again. Solarz again turned his thumb down, then pointed to himself and nodded, as if to say, "He agrees—I *know*." The governor's English was stilted, but the congressman's body Yiddish was eloquent.

In the audience at both rallies, I found some men who planned to vote for Gore because they liked his stand on Israel, some who planned to vote for Dukakis as a stratagem to stop Jackson, and a few—I don't know how serious they were—who said they were going to vote for Jackson, the better to elect Bush.

In its final week the New York primary seemed destined to become the scene of the disappointing endgame of the Gore campaign. Gore's effort was conceived almost entirely in terms of positioning and small-bore tactical maneuvers. It achieved a single brilliant success: escaping alive from Super Tuesday. But even that success might have been greater had Gore chosen to run, in Mark Green's phrase, as Estes Kefauver rather than as Sam Nunn. Gore could have fought Dukakis for the liberal heart of the New York Democrats, and maybe won it. Instead he let it go while he pursued marginal advantages with marginal interest groups, earning himself a reputation as a panderer who would say

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anything for a vote. The Gore campaign had a curiously static view of politics. It always seemed to be looking for the spot on the spectrum that would yield the magic breakthrough. The gap between a candidate's potential and a campaign's execution has seldom been so wide.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Decision time on Panama.

SHOOT OR GET OFF THE POT

WITH SUPPORT (and even pressure) from Congress and the Democrats, the Reagan administration has used every interventionist lever short of military force to oust Panamanian narco-strongman Manuel Noriega. It's tried economic pressure, to the point of ruining the Panamanian banking system. It's tried negotiation, offering to drop U.S. criminal charges if Noriega would move to Spain. It's tried—though surely on too small a scale—diplomacy, meeting with Latin leaders such as Venezuela's Carlos Andres Peres, who unsuccessfully talked to Noriega about departing. It tried covert action, encouraging a military coup that turned into a farce—with the coup's leader getting himself locked inside an armory he wanted to raid. And it tried relying on indigenous democratic forces—"people power"—to liberate Panama.

None of it has worked, and the United States is beginning to look like the pitiful, helpless giant that Richard Nixon warned about long ago: a superpower that can't effectively kill a fly. So the administration is faced with the choice of taking the last step—perhaps a commando raid to capture Noriega, perhaps a full-scale invasion—but there is intense disagreement about whether to do so, and it's getting personal.

Secretary of State George Shultz and his chief deputy for Latin America, Elliott Abrams, want aggressive action. The Pentagon wants to wait, and it is not above leaking details of State's plans in order to sabotage them. In one National Security Planning Group meeting, Adm. William Crowe, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, referred to a Shultz-Abrams plan as "naive." That's mild. "People in this building hate Elliott Abrams," a Pentagon official said. "He's extremely arrogant and a zealot in the Oliver North mode. We don't agree with Congress much around here, but when they refuse to deal with Abrams, we'd like to do the same." Pentagon officials imply that Abrams is recommending policy without Shultz's full knowledge. Officials at State and the White House say that's not so, and that on Panama Shultz is just as "forward-leaning" as Abrams.

Meantime, State reportedly is furious at the Joint Chiefs of Staff for leaking the outline of a scheme to turn the U.S. base in Panama into a redoubt for deposed President Eric Delvalle, to have him use base broadcasting facilities and telephones to plot Noriega's overthrow, and to protect him with up to 8,000 U.S. combat troops. The Pentagon called the idea "harebrained" and said that using the Panama base as a headquarters for undermining the local government would threaten U.S. base agreements all over the world—especially in Greece, Turkey, and the Philippines. State Department officials concede that's a legitimate argument, but claim that it was advanced as an afterthought to mask Pentagon reluctance to do anything forceful against Noriega. What's more, State Department officials say, Pentagon leaks have endangered Delvalle's life.

Amid the bickering, other top officials are dispirited at the lack of U.S. resolve, and the effect this will have on America's power. Meanwhile, members of Congress, including some liberal Democrats who normally counsel against U.S. intervention abroad, are demanding that the administration get rid of Noriega fast—but ironically, Congress's prohibitions on aid to Panama make it technically illegal for the administration to give material assistance to Delvalle.

For a while, at least, President Reagan seemingly has decided to wait and to rely on economic pressure and political action to force Noriega's ouster. Conceivably, it could work. Panama's 150,000 civil servants, unpaid for two weeks, were due another salary check on April 15, and Noriega apparently had no money to pay them. So a consensus reportedly emerged at a National Security Planning Group meeting on April 12 to exploit rifts that may be developing in Noriega's entourage, and to encourage more street demonstrations in hopes that Panamanians would topple their dictator by themselves. But if this doesn't work, there is building sentiment—outside the Pentagon, anyway—for military action.

"The president has declared publicly that Noriega's got to go, but he doesn't go," a Reagan aide said. "For the president to be defeated by a petty tin can dictator is going to be a gigantic defeat for our interests abroad and not an insignificant defeat for the president politically here at home."

This official added, "Our ambassadors tell us that armies all over Latin America are watching this with great care. If Noriega can stand up to the United States, so can others." Reaganites think they are largely responsible for the fact that no military coups have taken place in Latin America during the Reagan years except in Panama and Haiti, while nine other countries have moved to civilian rule. They express worry about a reversal of that trend if Noriega wins his contest with the United States—especially in Ecuador, if that country elects extreme populist Abdulla Bucharam later this spring, and in Guatemala.

They are also afraid that if Noriega holds on to power, it will enhance the influence of a developing alliance of U.S. enemies—the Medellín drug cartel, Fidel Castro's Cuba, and the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua, all of which are allied with Noriega and are putting extreme pressure on democratic and civilian governments in Colombia and Honduras. Noriega reportedly has received 48 tons of arms

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Castro, and may have Cuban military advisers and bodyguards as well. Reagan aides think they have lost any chance of defeating the Sandinistas in Nicaragua because of Congress's cutoff of aid to the *contras*, and they don't want Panama to join the hostile camp.

Reagan critics in Congress and elsewhere assert rightly that the administration was late in waking up to the Noriega threat and in doing something about it. Two former National Security Council officials, Constantine Menges and Norman Bailey, have said they urged the administration to withdraw support from Noriega in October 1984, immediately after he forced out civilian President Nicolas Barletta, but could not enlist support from their NSC superiors or the State Department. Menges says he fears Noriega will develop into "the Qaddafi of the Caribbean," providing a base for international scoundrels and for destabilization of the region.

At State, officials claim that Abrams began arguing for action against Noriega as soon as he became the department's Latin affairs chief in July 1985. He reportedly met resistance from the Pentagon and the CIA, whose officials supposedly accused him of naïveté, asserting that there was no popular sentiment for democracy and that the Panamanian Defense Forces seemed solidly in control. Witnesses before liberal Senator John Kerry's Senate subcommittee on narcotics have asserted, though, that the administration winked at Noriega's wrongdoing because it hoped he would aid the Nicaraguan *contras*. In fact, all sides agree he provided little aid, and was actually giving intelligence cooperation to Nicaragua and Cuba.

Even since Noriega's indictment by a federal grand jury in Miami in February, there has been no comprehensive plan for ousting him. "This has been handled existentially and incrementally," said a conservative critic of the operation. "It's been done without thought about the strength of the opposition. There was no plan to isolate Noriega diplomatically and politically in the hemisphere, and no plan to help Panamanian civic and military leaders throw him out, or for commando help from us, if necessary."

Indeed, the Pentagon so opposes military action against Noriega that military officers end up sounding like striped-pants cookie-pushers, and the State Department so distrusts diplomacy that diplomats sound like right-wing generals. For example, one well-placed military officer said, "Nobody is defending Noriega, but we have got thousands of American lives at stake and we have to be concerned about the effect of our policies in Latin America. We're trying to rebuild our relations after we sided with Britain in the Falklands, and taking provocative military action will undermine that." This officer continued, "Noriega is not mistreating Americans, except in a few cases. He is not doing anything to provoke us. He's not moving against our bases. You don't go to war with a whole country because he's a slime ball."

At State, meanwhile, officials dismiss the idea of enlisting neighboring countries—and perhaps the Organization of American States—to form a joint front opposing Noriega and the drug cartel. "It's hopeless," one senior official said. "Latin solidarity is not for supporting democracy, only for opposing Yankee intervention. The Latins give Noriega no support, but they will go no further. If we go to the OAS, we will not get what we want. Mexico and Peru will block any action. And the Latins will do nothing by themselves because they will create domestic political problems. They'll collaborate against a Somoza, when the Communists and the left say it's OK. You could get such a movement going against Stroessner or Pinochet, but not otherwise."

One of these years, we may have an administration that is unambiguously attached to the idea of democracy and knows how to get things done cleanly. Such an administration would plan ahead to help good guys and thwart thugs and would develop a healthy relationship with Latin America so that its leaders could be enlisted in a worthy mutual cause or would actually come to us for help. Faced with a Noriega, such an ideal administration would try economic and political levers first, much as the Reaganites have done, but be ready to use force, if necessary, with Congress fully on board. This is not how things are with the Reagan administration, and so liberating Panama from Noriega, if it happens at all, will be messy.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

Too many cooks mix a metaphor.

AS MY MOM NEVER SAID

A BOSTON CHEF pummels a soup tureen, telling his employer: "Spare the rod, spoil the broth." A nine-year-old San Diego girl is hospitalized with second-degree burns after her mother tells her: "You've cooked your goose, now lie in it." A St. Louis zookeeper declares, "Monkey do, but you can't make him drink it."

All across the nation a disturbing new phenomenon is manifesting itself: chronic misquotation of society's most revered maxims, usually resulting from the hybridization of totally unrelated pieces of hackneyed advice. According to Dr. Stanley "The Greek" Aston-Foucault, co-chairman of the President's Commission on Banality and author of *What Johnny Don't Know*, "The epidemic of maxim-mangling that has erupted in this country is quite literally rocking the linguistic foundations of our society, making communication all but impossible.

"Although almost universally maligned," Aston-Foucault contends, "sententious phrases such as 'The grass is always greener on the other side' are actually repositories of society's deepest convictions about itself. Americans, as a people, truly believe that sunny sides should be kept up and that shoes that fit ought to be worn. Today, however, these archetypal kernels of savvy lingo are being undermined as never before."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Critics almost universally agree that the blame for this situation lies with the public schools. "Miseducated by a generation of unqualified teachers, our children are getting the short end of the stick," fumes Millicent Terkel, chairperson of Watchdog on Banality, a non-profit organization sponsoring sententiousness at the state and municipal levels. "In a recent study of our high school graduates, 76 percent said that it was impossible to see the forest while the cat was away, 86 percent believed that blood was thicker than the milk of human kindness, and an astonishing 96 percent agreed with the statement: 'You don't miss your water till the sun shines, Nellie.' "

Yet certain critics are less ready to assign blame to teachers. In *What About Those Chicano SAT Scores?*, ethnolinguist Trish-Medusa Radcliffe cites three separate cases in which major publishing houses headed by bigots deliberately included misquoted maxims in Spanish-English textbooks in the hopes of confusing young Hispanics and preventing them from improving their own economic well-being. Alluding to Dunceman and Dinkel's sabotaged grammar school primer, *Let's Have Fun, Maybe*, Radcliffe says: "When a young Latino shows up at a job interview and tells the interviewer that he's ready to roll up his nose, put his mouth to the grindstone, keep his elbows clean and his big sleeves shut, and then expects to be told he's got good feet on his shoulders, he's not likely to get many middle-management jobs."

LOTHAR O'GRADY, deputy cryptoethnolinguist at the Hoke Foundation, concedes that semiliterate teachers and racist conspiracies are a major part of the problem, but points out that some modified maxims may be a "reflection of society's wholly justified rethinking of its position on certain enduring realities." "Last week I read that three major New York restaurants were closed by the Board of Health because employees were sleeping in the meat locker. So maybe kids are right when they say that 'too many cooks lie down with the lamb.' "

Aston-Foucault grudgingly agrees that some of the misquoted adages may reflect a more accurate grasp of emerging political, social, and economic realities. "I'm willing to admit that a penny saved is worth two in the bush," he says. "I'm even willing to admit that an empty barrel will keep the doctor away. But does anyone seriously believe that he who hesitates is the mother of invention?"

Terkel takes a similar position. "For some time we have been living in a country whose men no longer want a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad, in a country whose women would not bake a cake even if they knew you were coming. But now we find ourselves surrounded by people who honestly believe that if you can't beat them, skin a cat, that there's more than one way for every dog to do as the Romans do, and that what goes up, the merrier. I'm not sure this is a good place to be raising kids."

JOE QUEENAN

Joe Queenan is a writer for *Barron's*.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

HANGING ON

PRESIDENT REAGAN isn't as oblivious as you might think. He's watched the development of what is euphemistically known at the White House as "the Meese problem," and he intervened decisively on March 29. That was the day Arnold Burns and William Weld quit their top positions at the Justice Department in silent protest. Reagan immediately gave special instructions to Howard Baker, the White House chief of staff, and other senior aides: give Attorney General Edwin Meese a break. No leaks, no covert campaign, no pressure at all from the White House to push Meese toward quitting. Remember the Ray Donovan case, Reagan said.

Reagan has a guilty conscience about Donovan. He talks about him incessantly. Donovan was labor secretary when indicted on corruption charges involving the construction firm he'd run in New Jersey. White House aides soon were jabbering to reporters that Donovan was staining the administration and Reagan by staying on. Reagan did nothing to stop the leaks. (He also allowed them in the cases of national security adviser Richard Allen, Interior Secretary James Watt, and White House chief of staff Donald Regan.) Donovan got the message and quit. When acquitted, he asked, "Where do I go to get my reputation back?" Reagan could, of course, have summoned Donovan to the White House and showcased him at a press conference or event. He didn't. Instead, the president has sourly condemned press coverage of allegations against administration officials. If they're vindicated but gone from the government, they get no attention. Their vindication doesn't catch up with the allegations. Can't let that happen to Meese, Reagan argued.

In fact, his tolerance of Meese goes well beyond plugging leaks. When Meese's insistence on the nomination of Douglas Ginsburg to the Supreme Court turned into a debacle, Reagan turned up before television cameras with his arm around Meese. This time he permitted Meese to breach normal procedure and announce his candidates to fill two Justice posts, those of Burns and Stephen Trott, the No. 3 official who's becoming a federal appeals judge. This also conflicted with Meese's stated preference in handling appointments. He's always forwarded suggested nominees to the White House, but refused to talk about them until the White House formally announced the president's decision.

Meese was in no mood to continue such niceties. He was desperate to show that the Justice Department is functioning, that he's in control, and that he's not a pariah whose department good people avoid. While Reagan was on vacation in California after Easter, Meese contacted Baker by phone, saying he wanted to go public with his recommendations. Baker took up the matter with Reagan. There's "a concern that might come up" about the proposed nominee for deputy attorney general, John Shepherd of St. Louis, Baker told the president. A former bookkeeper at Shep-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

herd's law firm had charged him with authorizing her to write $147,000 in checks to herself in exchange for sexual favors to him. Shepherd denies it, Baker said, but the FBI check on him has not been completed. Even so, Reagan raised no objection. Baker didn't either. And Meese called a press conference the next day, April 5, to present his recommendations, both of whom appeared alongside him.

An embarrassment followed that could have been easily avoided. NBC News found that Shepherd belongs to an all-male athletic club and an all-white country club in St. Louis, and Francis Keating, Meese's choice for the No. 3 job, is a member of a restrictive club in Tulsa. Normally there would have been time for them to resign the clubs before their names were announced. But Meese couldn't wait. He wanted to act before leaving on April 6 on a week-long trip to Latin America.

Meese's defenders are few. After his lawyers got special prosecutor James McKay to announce on April 1 that he didn't have evidence warranting indictment of Meese, the attorney general hastily got together with reporters. "I have had tremendous support from within the administration at the highest levels and throughout the administration, from other departments, from other Cabinet members." Actually, aside from Reagan, Reynolds, and Cribb, Meese has virtually no defenders. Once he was a hero to conservatives, but now many of them, including some in his own department, have concluded that the conservative agenda is suffering because of him. The irony, according to one Meese associate, is that this has occurred because of Meese's association with a liberal Democrat, E. Robert Wallach.

The Meese tie to Wallach is deeper than has been reported. Not only did Meese discuss a Justice Department position with Wallach in March 1987, just before Wallach was indicted in the Wedtech scandal, but he also gave Wallach extraordinary access to his office. They often had breakfast and lunch together. Wallach went on official trips with Meese. Wallach arranged Justice Department jobs for several people. He peppered Meese with written advice. When aides conducted a document search at McKay's request, they found a number of unopened letters from Wallach in Meese's office. Wallach also sent memos to Education Secretary William Bennett, urging him to meet with certain people. Bennett declined.

Meese seems oblivious to the harm Wallach, whom he has known since law school, has caused him. On ABC's "This Week with David Brinkley" on March 13, he called Wallach "my friend." Several weeks later, Eastland urged him to concede at least that Wallach had abused their friendship. Meese wouldn't. "His position is he takes people as he finds them, not on the basis of what's been said about them or alleged about them," says Eastland. "If it is found that Wallach has done something illegal or otherwise wrong, then he would at that time condemn such activity." Short of a felony conviction, Wallach's OK with Meese.

Where has the conservative agenda faltered because of Meese? Administration officials, including friends of Meese, cite criminal law reform, judicial appointments, constitutional interpretation, and the war on drugs. On March 31 Meese appeared with FBI Director William Sessions to announce a major cocaine bust. Before Meese could make his opening statement, a reporter noisily asked if he planned to resign. Meese refused to answer. Still, nearly half the questions were about Meese and his troubles, not about drugs. Sessions was asked if he was embarrassed to be working with Meese. He said no. Justice officials thought the press conference was a fiasco. Meese deemed it a great success.

The worry among White House aides about Meese is not that he keeps alive the "sleaze factor." They discount this as an issue in the presidential campaign. But they worry about being blamed for losing the drug war because of a crippled attorney general. Over Meese's objections, Bennett has repeatedly called for use of the military in combating drug traffickers. Baker tried to harmonize their positions at a meeting in early March. Meese explained he and the Pentagon had examined the possible use of troops and found it a bad idea. OK, said Baker, but we've got to do a better job of publicizing our victories in the war on drugs. Otherwise, Democrats will have a field day in the fall blaming the Reagan administration for losing the fight.

Reagan's aides may be worried, but he isn't. He sticks to the position that his political enemies are trying to nail him by zinging Meese. "I'm really the target they're trying to get at," he told Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post*. The best way to thwart this, Reagan believes, is to have the courage to stand by your man. Out of Reagan's earshot, aides talk about what job Meese might be knocked upstairs to. Two that have been discussed are boss of Reagan's transition to private life in California and honcho for setting up the Reagan library. "The president could make that call," said a White House official. Then he paused, and added, "That just doesn't happen in this administration."

FRED BARNES

POSTCARD CHILE

CAMP NAZI

SOOTHING MUSIC PLAYS. The screen shows a chubby blond girl milking a cow, women taking whole-wheat loaves from the oven, and boys in lederhosen dancing. This is Chilean television's report on Colonia Dignidad—Dignity Colony—a 37,000-acre German farming community in the Andean foothills of southern Chile. The message is idyllic: it's a typical pastoral day for Colonia Dignidad—a retreat of 350 inhabitants that happens to have been founded by an ex-Wehrmacht nurse with one glass eye fleeing an Interpol warrant for sodomizing young boys at the orphanage he ran in Westphalia.

The Chilean government's insistence that there is nothing mysterious about the place adds another layer of mys-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tery to the 26-year-old Dignidad. The Colonia is encircled by a double fence of barbed wire. According to new reports by defectors, children are taken at birth, raised separately, and know their parents only as "aunt" and "uncle." Members who flee and are caught are treated with electric shocks and mind-altering drugs. Ex-members of the Chilean secret police and former political prisoners say the colony was a torture camp after Gen. Augusto Pinochet's 1973 coup. Other reports speak darkly of underground tunnels, arms stockpiles, children kidnapped from Cologne and Bonn, and plastic surgery for Nazis. A left-wing West Berlin magazine is carrying a story that the Colonia is a communications center for neo-Nazis in Latin America and Europe.

To the Pinochet government, Dignidad is exactly what it says it is: a "Beneficial and Educational Society" whose logo is a nurse holding the hands of two children. There is something to this. The Colonia runs a hospital, open free to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays, which has treated 20,000 local residents, and a primary school for Chilean children. The colonists seem a bit like high-tech Amish: the women dress in long skirts, aprons, and kerchiefs, but colonists use modern farm machinery, a fleet of trucks, two Mercedes Benz autos, two planes, and an airstrip. Dignidad grows everything residents eat except rice, salt, and coffee. Its doctrine does not include Nazism, anti-Semitism, or even religion at all. The journalists who have been permitted entry in recent years—all from state-controlled TV and two pro-government newspapers—have painted the colony as an industrious German village, although one newspaper did note the tendency for children to answer questions in unison. "We are being persecuted only because we are hardworking and want to be left alone," said Harmut Hopp, the Colonia's spokesman.

NOT EXACTLY. Dignidad was founded in 1961 by Paul Shaefer, the manager of an orphanage in Siegburg, Westphalia, who fled Germany after numerous accusations that he was sexually abusing the boys who lived there. His co-founder and current second-in-command is Hermann Schmidt, a former Luftwaffe official. The first known escapee, 18-year-old Ernst Wolfgang Muller, charged in 1966 that when he came to the orphanage Shaefer raped him on his first day. Muller said that in Chile, each boy in the colony took turns being an "aide" to Shaefer, a job that did not stop at sundown.

As Muller described him, Shaefer is charismatic and quick with a joke, ruling the colony with a mixture of tyranny and charm. Muller said that Shaefer gave him memory-affecting tranquilizers when he was rebellious. When leaders figured out he was not swallowing the pills, they gave him injections. The same year another defector charged that she was regularly beaten in the Colonia and never allowed to see her children.

In 1985 two couples escaped. One of the men was Hugo Baar, one of the colony's founders and leaders. When he fell out of favor, he said, he was put in the hospital, given drugs and shock treatments, then sent to work in the woodworking shop. The newest testimony is that of the other couple, Georg and Lotti Packmor. Their report to the German ambassador found its way into *Stern* magazine in November.

It portrays a nightmare world. The Packmors said that Colonia inhabitants are allowed to see their spouses only once every two weeks for a short while. One of her jobs, Lotti said, was to sleep under a bed in the children's dorm. "If a child moved an eyebrow, it meant that he was awake. In that case, he was taken from the bed and would be beaten," she wrote. She said that Shaefer made the boys confess their thoughts to him, which he would then use to manipulate them psychologically. Once, she said, she saw a doctor give boys injections in their testicles.

According to the Packmors, Shaefer tells colonists that people who want to visit, even relatives who write asking for permission to see family, are communists seeking to destroy Dignidad. Only trusted leaders go out alone. Lotti wrote that she had tried to flee several times. Each time she was brought back by colonists and Chilean police using search dogs, given "medical treatment," and put into the hospital. Fleeing is difficult, she said, because many colonists do not know Spanish, have never even seen, much less possess, Chilean money, and do not know the countryside or anyone from outside. The Colonia can also count on the Chilean police to help bring refugees back.

IN EARLY NOVEMBER, after ten years of trying, the West German foreign minister was allowed to send representatives to visit colonists, almost all of whom are German citizens. *Der Spiegel* magazine later printed parts of the 30-page report. It said that inhabitants, who work 16 hours a day with no salary, are slaves of Shaefer, who has taken away all personal liberties and uses "mind-altering drugs, shock treatments, and terror to convert the population into a docile force that works like robots." When the Germans tried to send a more complete investigating commission, the Chilean government said that investigators would be treated "like any other tourists." *Der Spiegel* reported that when a helicopter carrying the ambassador tried to land, Dignidad residents covered the landing strip with a magnetized wind machine in an attempt to cause a crash.

Reporters from outside the pro-government press have had no better luck. When I tried to visit the colony with another U.S. reporter, we got as far as the first gate, an hour's dusty drive from a paved road. We rang the bell, which played some musical notes, and a woman speaking German-accented Spanish said through the intercom that there would be no interviews. "Do not take pictures without permission in writing from the director," she said. "And with that, goodbye." We rang the bell again, but the buzzer did not play its little song. Bowing to new German pressure to extradite the Colonia's leaders—a move that could embarrass Pinochet internationally—the Chilean government has said it will allow investigators to enter in late April.

Chileans who lived near the Colonia drew a picture of a state within a state. In 1977 three nuns moved to a small house on land claimed by Dignidad, which the nuns con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"INVALUABLE"

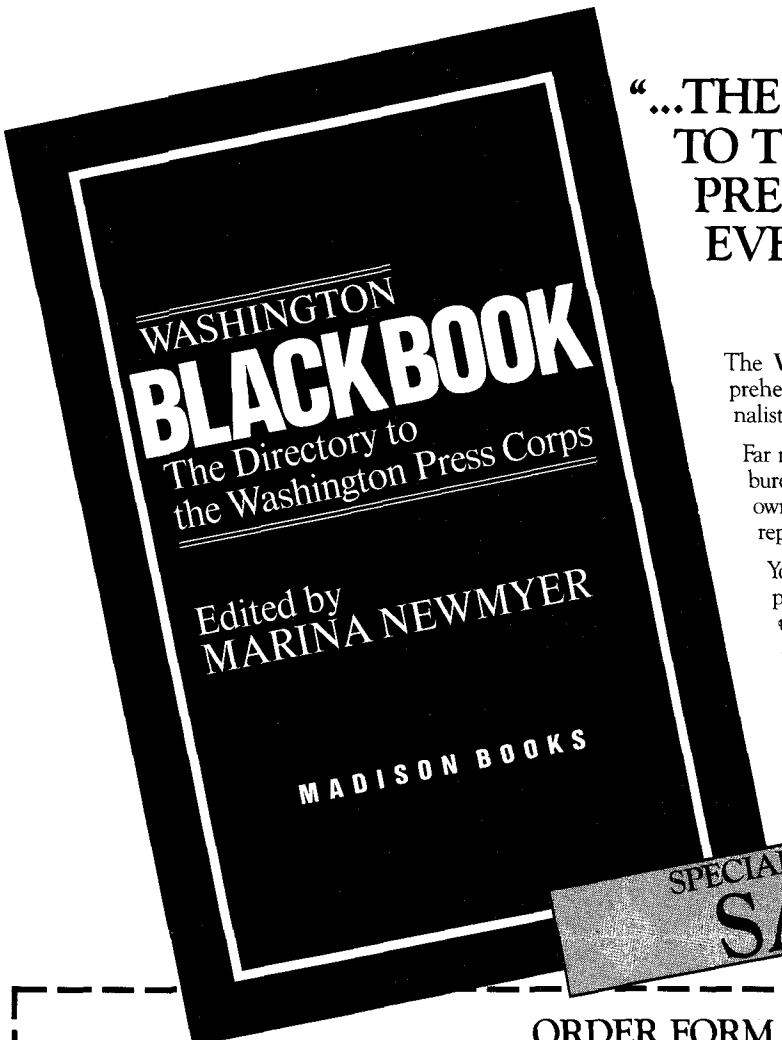
Howard Banks,
Washington Bureau Chief, Forbes

"DEFINITIVE"

John Limpert,
Editor, The Washingtonian

"INDISPENSABLE"

Jonathan Jessar,
Executive V.P., Burson-Marsteller, Inc.



"...THE SINGLE BEST GUIDE TO THE WASHINGTON PRESS CORPS EVER PUBLISHED"

Victor Kamber,
The Kamber Group, Washington, D.C.

The **Washington Black Book** provides the most comprehensive, practically organized information on journalists in Washington available today.

Far more than just a "Who's who", it tells you how the bureaus work, how they interpret their mandate, who owns the publications and the specialized "beats" of their reporters.

You'll find unique "Black Book" pointers on how to place stories with specific publications, exactly to *whom* to address press releases, and whom to query about story ideas.

Updated annually, the Washington Black Book is the *only* source you'll need to have the Washington Press Corp at your fingertips. Order now!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER:
SAVE 10%!

ORDER FORM

TNR

MADISON BOOKS, INC.
4720 Boston Way
Lanham, Maryland 20706
(301) 459-5308

$84.95 Paperback $_____
$2.50 each Postage and Handling $_____
Maryland residents add 5% sales tax $_____
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____

ALL ORDERS MUST BE PREPAID. MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO MADISON BOOKS.

Payment enclosed
Visa # _____ Exp. Date ____
MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date ____
Signature _____ Date

Please ship to:
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tend the Church has owned for 30 years. Shortly after they arrived, an anonymous letter went to local residents, saying that "false nuns" had arrived, "paid Marxist-Leninist agents of Russia who had come to defeat the government and cause a bloodbath." The nuns' sewer pipes were broken, their water cut, their animals stolen, and their house burned down. In 1984 they moved out.

The Colonia sued the nuns for taking their land and won the case. The Colonia sues often, usually for libel, and has never lost a case in Chile, where the courts are not noted for their judicial independence.

The Chilean government has never investigated any of the charges. "When they first came here, they [the Colonia] had some respect for authority," said one farmer. "Now they order the authorities around." Despite the complaints of residents we talked to, local police said they had never had a single problem with the Colonia. Local executives and judges decline to talk. An employee in one of the government offices pulled us aside and said in a low voice, "No one is going to complain about these people. They are big fish, a power independent of the government—they're playing in a bigger court than we are. The police here are eating from their plate."

IT IS HARD to understand why the governments that preceded Pinochet never investigated Dignidad; a possible reason is the lack of many reports from escapees until recently. Pinochet's affection for Dignidad may have a darker explanation: former prisoners and secret police agents have testified that the colony was a torture camp for DINA, the Chilean secret police, after the coup. Juan René Muñoz was known as the "hooded man of the National Stadium." A youth leader during the Socialist government of Salvador Allende, Muñoz cooperated with Pinochet's forces after the coup. When soldiers brought Allende supporters to the football stadiums, Muñoz, his head covered, haunted the ranks of the prisoners, silently pointing the torturers to people who had been the left's leaders. Muñoz swore to the Catholic Church's human rights office that Dignidad was a DINA detention center in the mid-1970s. He said that the colony's radio transmitters were used to communicate with other detention centers to coordinate the movement of prisoners. Three months after he made his declaration, Muñoz was found stabbed in a field outside Santiago. His death was never investigated.

A dozen former political prisoners have told Amnesty International that they were taken to be tortured on routes that match the route to Dignidad. One said that when his blindfold slipped he could see a sign that said "Colonia Dignidad." Many said their torturers, who gave them drugs and electric shocks to their genitals, spoke in German. Dignidad has sued Amnesty and *Stern*, which published the allegations, for libel. The suit has not yet been decided, partly because the Chileans have lagged in taking the depositions ordered by the German court.

The night before the TV news show on Dignidad, I went to see Elena and Aristedes Becerra, a brother and sister whose nephew, Miguel, was taken to Dignidad in 1974. The boy's father was rumored to have been Shaefer's messenger and a DINA agent. A few months after he took Miguel to the Colonia he was found dead in a nearby field, poisoned with insecticide. Elena said that during a family visit to the Colonia in 1974, Miguel eluded his guard long enough to whisper "take me with you" to his sister. Miguel's mother told Dignidad that Miguel wanted to leave, but instead of releasing the boy, they increased his guard during the next visit and then stopped the visits entirely. Elena and Aristedes filed a lawsuit, which failed when their lawyer abruptly retired in the middle of the case.

Elena and Aristedes were excited about the TV show, their first chance in 13 years to get a glimpse of Miguel. It paid off: Miguel was interviewed at the end of the story. "I am very happy here," he said, speaking with a German accent. "I have everything I need." "There are some people who think that you are here against your will," said the TV reporter. "How do you answer that?" "I am very happy here," Becerra said again. "I've never lacked for anything."

Ten years ago, his mother had written a letter to the first lady, asking her to intervene. "Don't worry," Mrs. Pinochet wrote back. "Your son is in the best of hands."

TINA ROSENBERG

Tina Rosenberg is a writer living in Santiago, Chile.

ON THE HILL

FIRING LINES

SECRETARY OF LABOR Ann McLaughlin has a strange way with words. In a recent letter to Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, she denounced a provision in the Omnibus Trade Bill that would guarantee workers 60-days' notice of plant closings and other large-scale layoffs. This is a prominent item on the post-Reagan liberal agenda, strongly supported by labor and by all three Democratic presidential candidates, and opposed by George Bush. After arguing that the law would be financially burdensome, and thus would raise the cost of American goods in the global marketplace, McLaughlin added, "If these protectionist mandatory plant closing and layoff requirements remain in the Conference Report, I will be forced to recommend that the president veto the trade bill."

Protectionist? Isn't that the term we normally use for laws that raise the cost of *foreign* goods? An earlier letter—signed by McLaughlin and a few other high-ranking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officials, including Treasury Secretary James Baker—provided an explicit, if cryptic, rationale for this pioneering use of the term: "Any mandatory Plant Closing and Layoff provisions are as protectionist as a tariff or a quota. They are misguided attempts to hold onto the past at the expense of preparing our workers and our businesses for the future."

Some workers may quarrel with this contention that the less they know about their future, the better prepared for it they'll be. Presumably, though, McLaughlin et al. have in mind a scenario that would resolve any seeming paradox and justify the use of the term "protectionism." For example: a decrepit plant in some sunset industry operates at a loss for years rather than surrender to the inevitable and liberate its workers, who could then find work in a sunrise industry. And what keeps the plant's owners from cashing in their steadily shrinking chips? The forbidding prospect of sitting down and writing a letter notifying workers of imminent closure.

No, somehow it doesn't ring true. And, of course, it isn't. At the core of the administration's opposition to advance-notice legislation isn't a confused fear of protectionism, but plain old knee-jerk conservatism. A visceral aversion to regulation is standing in the way of granting American workers a simple courtesy that's already offered throughout Western Europe and in our economic role model, Japan.

AS AN ALTERNATIVE to advance-notice legislation, the administration advocates a program of "voluntary" notification. Of course, we've had a de facto voluntary program for 200 years now—there's never been a law against letting workers know they're about to be fired—and it hasn't yielded much in the way of notification. A 1987 Government Accounting Office study found that the median notification time for large-scale layoffs was seven days. In a third of the cases, less than 24 hours' notice was given. The literature is rife with horror stories: the 900 mineworkers in Alabama who found out a few days before Christmas of 1986 that the new year would find them job hunting; the 300 workers at a trucking company in Dallas who got the news over the company's telex machine on the day the plant was closing. And, on the less poignant side, there are all those stockbrokers who got pink slips after Black Monday.

Even opponents of the legislation concede that lots of advance notice is a good thing in principle. But, they contend, the economic cost of mandating it is too high. If companies know they have to give two months' notice of large layoffs, they'll hesitate to hire additional workers during upswings. And if their market suddenly slackens, they'll find it hard to tighten their belts. Or, in the slightly less nuanced terminology of McLaughlin et al., the law would "bring management decisions to a standstill."

The truth is that the advance-notice law, after much watering down in committee, has a loophole to assuage almost every manager's darkest anxiety. The law wouldn't apply to layoffs due to business circumstances that weren't "reasonably foreseeable" (a phrase that would doubtless bring litigation). You're off the hook if you can claim that an announcement of layoffs would hurt your chance of getting a life-saving loan (ditto). The law wouldn't affect seasonal or part-time workers. And it wouldn't apply to small-potatoes cases. It would never kick in unless at least 50 jobs were lost, and this minimum would grow with company size; at the largest plants, the floor would be 500 lost jobs.

The Reagan administration, not satisfied with such concessions, contends that the bill's economic costs remain prohibitive, and flashes around some numbers to that effect. The first McLaughlin letter cites a study by Robert R. Nathan Associates that places the annual cost of the law to employers at $1.8 billion. The study's other commonly cited estimate is that from 1982 to 1986, about 460,000 fewer U.S. jobs would have been created had a 60-day-notice law been in effect.

The logic that led to this conclusion, recounted in a recent Government Accounting Office appraisal of the study, is revealing. First, 20 countries that already have advance-notice requirements, including 16 in Western Europe, were selected. (Japan, which doesn't seem to have been crippled by these requirements, was conveniently omitted.) Then four nations that don't have such laws, including the United States, were selected. The rates of job growth were compared and found to be higher in the second group. At this point came the key assumption that ten percent of this difference was due to the burden of advance-notice laws. Voilà! Out popped the figure 460,000 jobs. In short, the study begins with the assumption that advance-notice laws hamper job growth and then winds its way to the conclusion that advance-notice laws hamper job growth.

The McLaughlin et al. letter didn't cite this particular number, but it did cite the report's estimate of the legislation's annual cost to employers, a figure that is even more suspect. The GAO report found at least half of the $1.8 billion estimate to be grounded in elementary errors of analysis, such as double counting.

SUPPORTERS OF THE advance-notice law, like opponents, argue in terms of adapting to a changing economy. Workers, they say, can less painfully get from sunset to sunrise industries if they know when sunset is coming. (The law is part of a whole section of the trade bill concerned with worker retraining.) There is doubtless some merit in this argument, but not enough to rely heavily on. The benefits of any such lubrication probably don't outweigh the costs that, in some measure, advance-notice requirements will surely entail. In the end, the most honest way to look at this law is as a classic trade-off between economic efficiency and humane policy. The question is whether we are willing to pay a price—one that appears fairly modest, and that almost all modern industrial economies are already paying—to ensure workers some peace of mind. Democrats tend to say

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yes to such questions, and Republicans say no. That's how you tell them apart.

In the end, President Reagan may not have to decide whether to exercise his veto. The mere threat may be enough to get the advance-notice provision stripped from the trade bill before it comes to a vote. But in the long run the Republicans will come out losers regardless of what happens. A large majority of Americans—86 percent, by one count—favor an advance-notice law. In November George Bush will be either the man who would deny workers decent treatment or part of the administration that did.

ROBERT WRIGHT

The West's deal for the boat people.

VIET CON

TO ALL appearances they are prison camps, though the 20-foot fences no longer bear coils of barbed wire (a British nod to humanitarianism). Inside, tiers of six-by-eight-foot shelves, walled by hanging rags, fill up dark, airless Quonset huts. On each shelf sits a person or family; there is no room to stand. In these Hong Kong camps, more than 10,000 Vietnamese refugees spend their lives hoping for resettlement in the West. Nearly half have been waiting more than three years. More than 1,000 have known no other home.

Thirteen years after the fall of Saigon, refugees continue to pour out of Vietnam. Last year, after a steady decline following the peak exodus in 1979, refugee numbers rose dramatically. More than 28,000 boat people reached temporary asylum in Southeast Asia. In the same year the international community offered resettlement to only 23,382, continuing a downward trend. (The United States took in about half.)

This has created a crisis for both the refugees and the often poor, overcrowded countries that offer them asylum on Western governments' assurances that the boat people will not become a permanent burden. Numbers speak louder than promises. Without ever having dipped below the 30,000 mark, Vietnamese refugee camp populations are sharply on the rise again. The first-asylum countries have responded with actions to lower them by their own means. Thailand, whose Vietnamese refugee population more than doubled last year, has begun openly pushing boatloads of refugees back to sea. (According to refugee officials at the United Nations, since January close to 200 boat people have died off the coast.) Indonesia is suspected of doing the same. Malaysia, once the leading haven for the boat people, has threatened to close down its main refugee camp. Tiny, densely packed Hong Kong will soon be the largest holding center for Vietnamese refugees—and as the numbers rise, so do demands for forced repatriation.

The problem goes back to the 1979 Geneva agreement under the U.N. High Commission for Refugees, which stated that if Vietnam's non-communist neighbors would provide first asylum to escapees, the countries of the developed world would guarantee their resettlement. Initially the system worked admirably. Led far and away by the United States, third countries permanently resettled more than 370,000 Vietnamese refugees in the next two-and-a-half years. Then everything stalled. The United States and other countries accepted a diminishing number of refugees. With new boats continuing to arrive, the number of inmates in the camps subsided at a painfully slow rate, until in 1987 the new flood of refugees pushed the numbers back up to near 40,000.

U.S. government officials insist that there has been no change in America's resettlement policy for Vietnamese refugees. At a recent meeting of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), Secretary of State George Shultz urged first-asylum countries to continue opening their doors to people fleeing Indochina, vowing that the United States would take up much of the burden of permanent resettlement. "The commitment of the United States to resolving the Indochinese refugee problem is as strong today as it ever has been," he vowed. That is at best half true.

THE GENEVA signatories agreed to bear the burden of permanently resettling the refugees "as long as the problem lasts." The United States at that time operated under the assumption that all boat people reaching first asylum were bona fide refugees, "with a well-founded fear of persecution on account of race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group, or political opinion" if they should return home. However, in 1982 the Justice Department tightened its interpretation of the law. To have escaped Vietnam was no longer sufficient proof of persecution; the applicant must document individual mistreatment. And the United States limited the categories of refugees it would accept to those with ties to the United States or to the former South Vietnamese government. For refugees in Hong Kong, that decision resulted in an instant quadrupling of the refugee rejection rate. Last year, despite a 65 percent increase in arrivals, the United States relieved Hong Kong of only 33 refugees, a 75 percent decline from 1986.

American officials give a plausible explanation for the drop in resettlement offers. Many recent boat people do not even claim they left for political reasons. A survey conducted by the State Department refugee officer in Hong Kong found that 71 percent of new arrivals cited poor economic conditions in Vietnam as the biggest motivator; 17 percent said they sought to avoid military conscription. In addition, nearly two-thirds said they had a friend or relative in the United States who incited them to leave. Less than a third cited lack of freedom or hostility to the government as a major reason for their escape.

But it is hard to know how to interpret these figures,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"These are the reasons I don't read that magazine Spy:

SPY is new, and I don't like new things.
It calls itself The New York Monthly.
It makes fun of Republicans.
It makes fun of Democrats.
It makes fun of Donald Trump.
SPY names names, and that's just not nice.
There's too much writing in SPY.
SPY doesn't tell me what kind of cheese to buy, or where to meet chicks.
SPY doesn't know when to quit.
Who wants a sassy, funny magazine, anyway?"

SPY
MAGAZINE
Smart. Fun. Funny. Fearless.

He may not read SPY, but you should. It's the most talked about magazine in America. Subscribe right now and save 32% off the newsstand price. *And with a No-Risk Guarantee: you may cancel your subscription at any time, and we'll rush you a full refund on all unmailed copies.*

• •

☐ YES! Please send me one year of SPY—10 jam-packed issues—for only $16.97.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ APARTMENT _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ My check is enclosed ☐ Bill me

Mail to SPY, 295 Lafayette Street, NYC 10012

Please allow 6 weeks for delivery to begin.

783N1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since refugees are often unable to separate politics from its impact on their own lives. The boat people complain of being forced to move to New Economic Zones or of having their catch of fish confiscated for sale at "government rates" or of being reduced to begging for food—not of the injustices of a Communist economic system that finances its invasion of Cambodia with forced labor, inflation, and severe tax increases. Vietnam is one of the poorest countries in the world. Its income per capita last year was $180. Yet Hanoi justifies the destitution of its people on ideological grounds. "Here the poverty is well-distributed," Vietnam's foreign minister boasted. "So once the poverty is well-distributed there is no social injustice."

On the other hand, people are starving all over the world because of cruel or foolish governmental policies. Why should this group get to jump the immigration queue over every other economically repressed person who wishes to try for a better life in America? Especially when the overwhelming majority of the Vietnamese now applying for refugee status in first-asylum countries are from *North* Vietnam. What does America owe them?

THE ANSWER, perhaps, is nothing. But that does not mitigate the obligation to relieve the burden on the countries of first asylum who accepted refugees on the understanding that the West would take final responsibility. The U.S. government policy as it stands is, in effect, to expect those countries to open their doors to all while we pick and choose only the most desirable applicants. Seventy percent of the refugees who landed in Hong Kong last year came from northern Vietnam. Most of them will join the already swollen ranks of "long-stayers."

Their semipermanent presence is a source of considerable bitterness for the territory's residents, whose own relatives are prevented from crossing over from China—and are immediately sent back if they are caught. Hong Kong Chinese also find it difficult to work up compassion for a people they have regarded historically as an enemy. Less than a decade ago Vietnam's brutal racist policies forced more than 100,000 ethnic Chinese to escape by boat. Now virtually all the boat people coming to Hong Kong are ethnic Vietnamese. They come to one of the most crowded places on earth. Hong Kong's population exceeds 5,000 persons per square kilometer (compared with 22 in the United States). The colony's poor do not get free housing or medical care, and they fiercely resent the refugees for having both while, in some cases, competing with locals for jobs.

This resentment, combined with the vain hope of stanching the refugee flow, led British authorities in 1982 to institute a closed-camp policy. Boat arrivals since then are placed in prisonlike camps run by the Correctional Services Department. They cannot hold outside jobs, cannot leave without a guard, cannot even prepare meals for themselves. Educational facilities are limited. In the years they spend in the camps, the refugees grow bored, despondent, dependant. Children have no concept of employment or the necessities of day-to-day living. They see themselves and their parents as powerless. If they ever reach homes in the West, they are prepared only for a life of poverty and government aid. (More than two-thirds of Indochinese refugees who have come to America since 1982 are on welfare.)

THE FAULT LIES not with the first-asylum countries, but with the international community for not keeping its part of the bargain to resettle the refugees. American policy in particular is inconsistent. If the United States wants to maintain its insistence that the boat people be accepted into asylum as refugees, Congress and the president must decide on a comprehensive policy to offer them permanent homes (in a burden-sharing arrangement with Canada, Australia, and other interested nations). Or it must draw the line, announce that henceforth Vietnamese refugee applications will be handled strictly through the Orderly Departure Program directly from Vietnam, and negotiate with the government of Vietnam for the repatriation of the remaining people now in first asylum. Recently the Hong Kong Legislative Council demanded that Vietnam come up with a repatriation scheme for its refugee population.

Repatriation, however, is fraught with problems. Hanoi, for example, adamantly refuses to take back those citizens who leave illegally. To surmount that the United States would have to make big concessions in dealing with a government to which it has so far denied recognition. Even if Washington could choke down that pill, it would have to accept the consequences of its action for both the returnees and potential bona fide refugees. Thousands of victims of political persecution, who fought alongside Americans in the Vietnam War and have suffered for it since, will not qualify for the Orderly Departure Program. Only recently Hanoi released some thousand former South Vietnamese officials and military officers who had been in re-education camps since the end of the war. Others remain. According to the testimony of former re-education camp inmates who have escaped Vietnam, the parolees can now anticipate years of midnight raids by the police, forced labor, and other persecution of themselves and their families. Hanoi will not even consider exit visas for former political prisoners.

Forced repatriation becomes even harder to justify after spending some time in the refugee camps. The people inside gave up their livelihood and risked their lives to escape what refugee Nguyen Lin calls "the largest prison in the world." Now they sit in new prisons. For what crime? "We thirst for freedom as people in the desert thirst for water," said Nguyen. "Surely someone would try to escape from a desert to find water."

MELANIE BILLINGS-YUN

Melanie Billings-Yun is the author of a forthcoming book on Eisenhower's Indochina policy, *Decision Against War* (Columbia University Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's divinity schools get religion.

OH MY GOD

BY ANDREW SULLIVAN

THE DAY I visited Union Theological Seminary in New York the feminist theology class was devoted to racism. The teacher, in a long pink dress and wire-rimmed glasses, blinked meekly into the circle of students. They blinked meekly back. "I need to start by owning my own racism," was her opening curveball. It got more intense. "I also have to come to terms with my own birth-culture, losing my two daughters, claiming my lesbian identity."

The only black student in the class, Victor, had less birth-culture, it seemed, to come to terms with. At one point he even mentioned God. He disagreed with the idea that racial prejudice was some primordial white male evil: "Getting over racism is not restricted to one race or another. It's seeing human beings as human beings, created in the face of Almighty God. We're all fallen beings. If you think you can eradicate racism and eradicate everything bad in this fallen world, you're just saying an inane thing."

Inane? Radical feminist theology? It was a historic moment. Union Seminary—to its critics the archetypal liberal divinity school—is experiencing the quiet but unmistakable return of God. It typifies the weird mix of traditionalism and zeal, liberal orthodoxy and student conservatism that is the hallmark of div schools in the 1980s. The days of the 1950s, when family members were automatically inducted into the church and communities provided a steady flow of vocations from denominational high schools, are long gone. But so too is the politicized radicalism of the '60s and '70s that took their place. What is left is a religious revival, shaped by a generation of older, more experienced, and less religiously educated students, which looks set to jolt the nature of religion in the United States.

In the curriculum, the liberal gloss is still largely set. At Union the classes on liberation and feminist theology continue. So do the mandatory "inclusive" references to God (no teacher can refer to Him without also referring to the possibility of Her). Caucuses of minority groups from black women to gay men set the tone (one student said of white heterosexual males: "They exist. They're a minority here"), and the liberal bias among the faculty is overwhelming. But the cracks, as elsewhere in America's seminaries, are showing. Victor—and young traditionalists like him—is speaking up.

The three mainstream seminaries I visited—Union Theological Seminary, Yale Divinity School, Jewish Theological Seminary—are in most ways peripheral to the conservative swing. They all have a tradition of liberal, academic independence and pride themselves on resisting dogmatism. Union and Yale are firmly interdenominational. But they are sitting on the edge of a traditionalist revival in denominational div schools that they can no longer ignore. In the last 20 years theological school enrollment—despite the impression of an increasingly secularized society—has jumped 89 percent. That compares with some 12 percent increase in Ph.D.s. (There are now just under twice as many people in divinity school as MBA students.) Enrollment in Baptist seminaries in the same period has increased 300 percent. Fuller Theological Seminary—an evangelical rival to Yale—has seen its student body increase tenfold. Meanwhile, liberal Yale's applicant pool has slumped badly in the last five years. And of the nearly 60,000 students in div school in the United States, some 92 percent are now aiming for active ministry rather than uncommitted academic study, up from 85 percent in 1969.

Even at Union the shift is felt. "There's a silent majority here which is conservative," explains Mitch Wood, a student in his 30s. "I find my salvation in Jesus Christ and all that. There are a lot of us here who feel that way." Mitch, however, is the first shock to those who expect this orthodox generation to look like the last one. He had no religious upbringing to speak of, and radicalism—both theological and political—was part of the air he breathed. He first met God in drugs, before trying Hinduism and Buddhism. Eventually he became a mainline Protestant: "As a Buddhist, I was able to empty myself. I became a walking void. That was the point, of course, but big shit!" To call him a reactionary would be to stretch the point. He is, for example, openly gay. His conservatism amounts to engaging the tradition that challenges his sexuality: "It's been ten years now. I'm still in a process of reconciliation."

"There's a new romanticism among the students," is how Rabbi Neil Gillman at Jewish Theological Seminary describes the change. "I don't know what the word 'spirituality' means in the Jewish tradition, but it's the word the students use all the time." JTS was founded in 1887 as a center of Conservative Judaism, a movement created to compensate for the attrition of orthodoxy by the historical study of the Jewish tradition. JTS formerly dealt with jaded dropouts from more conservative Orthodox Judaism. Now it has to cope with born-again refugees from liberal Reform Judaism. Dean John Ruskay explains the challenge: "When they were coming from orthodoxy, their faith was shaken. But these students are not coming from broken faith. They're coming *to* faith. They're hungry to feed the faith that brought them here."

Ironically, secularization seems to have provoked the spiritual revolt. "All of us are more religious than our par-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ents," admits rabbinical student Debra Cantor. "When I became interested in religion, my mom and dad would keep saying to me, this is only a phase, this is only a phase." Most students at JTS now come from secular homes. They are kids of the '60s: "For some of us, this is rebellion." Of the five students I spoke with at length, one was an ex-Episcopalian in her 30s, two were from lax conservative backgrounds, one had no religious upbringing, and another swung rightward from Reform. According to a recent study of JTS students, over a third had no formal Jewish education during their high school years. Around 75 percent are from American-born parents (compared with seven percent in the 1940s), and only seven percent are sons and daughters of rabbis (down from 30 percent 40 years ago).

But perhaps the most significant finding is their average age. It's now 33. The graying of div school is reflected at Yale and Union, where the average age is also nudging into the thirtysomething bracket. An increasing number of students have had previous lives. Ex-yuppies, baby boomers, former actors, businessmen, social workers—all reach dead ends in their careers and get a theological retread. In one day I met a former air-conditioner manufacturer, a Capitol Hill aide, a theater director, and an ex-academic. In early middle-age, they were discovering scriptures they never learned at high school. The result has been a major decline at Yale in the demand for radical theology. Dean Leander Keck explains: "The 45-year-old insurance executive, the lawyer, the journalist—they're not here to find themselves. They come for the meat and potatoes: Greek, Hebrew, the Bible."

The term "conservative," though, is a crude simplification of the religion of the '80s. Indeed, the term suggests a politicization of religion that this generation is specifically rejecting. Rather it is the spiritual—even the mystical—that is returning. "The word 'spirituality' used to be reserved for the Catholics and Eastern Orthodox. Now it's most heard among Protestants," notes David Tracy, professor of theology at Chicago Divinity School. "Methodists, for example, are more interested in the spirituality of Wesley." At Duke Divinity School—a leader in the new traditionalism—a radical curriculum introduced this year combines historical, biblical, and vocational studies with assessments of personal spirituality. According to Dean Dennis Campbell, it's gotten a "wonderful response." He calls the move away from a more strictly academic approach a "current of the times." Duke is even planning a conference with the conservative Center on Religion and Society this fall on "theological education and moral formation." A decade ago it would have seemed an unnecessary topic.

David Ebstein, a married rabbinical student who has just had his first child, is perhaps a typical example of the return to spiritual tradition. His first career was as a therapist. Eventually he felt the need for something more substantial, even if it meant $25,000 in loans and returning to school. His Wall Street friends thought he was crazy. His own fear was that as he immersed himself in premodern theology he would move further away from those who needed his help in his New Jersey synagogue in 1988. "I wrestle with the problem every day. When I wake up in the morning, I open rabbinical texts and firmly entrench myself in ancient studies. And then I have to go to deal with issues like intermarriage and abortion. I have to ask myself: How do I apply ancient laws to this? I have to make that leap of faith into Jewish Law."

The re-emergence of faith—even a leap of faith—in the midst of mainstream Judaism, and mainstream Christianity, may be something of a surprise in the late 1980s. But as Ebstein puts it, secularism has a habit of generating its opposite: "My job now is to get people on a spiritual journey—on a ladder of commitment. I get up every day and bless God for creating the light and the darkness and everything. And I try to bring Him to people." This is not the language of established, suburban Judaism. It is the rhetoric of a pop Jewish mysticism.

BUT FOR a real hit of the new spirituality, you've got to go left. The liberal alliance between religion and politics, which to so many conservatives epitomized the decline of religion, has in fact produced the opposite. The science of Marx has ceded to the religiosity of Heidegger. Politics has become saturated with faith. The celebrant at Union's gay-lesbian service last November 17 was Victoria Rue. After the customarily banal piano music (only the liturgy has yet to cede to real spiritual revival), she stood up to speak. One anecdote stood out. "On a bright spring Sunday about two years ago, Anne and I sat side by side in church. The minister asked us for a silent time of prayer, and Anne held out her hand, and I gave her mine. And I suddenly experienced, for the first time in my life, the erotic in worship. Sensation and feeling were one. It felt like red coloring, like blood flowing through me. I felt *good*, it felt *right*. I was one with myself, with my lover and God, and *that's* erotic."

The rather awkward student who sat next to me in a similar Union service in March whispered as Victoria entered the chapel: "She is all we want to be." Victoria's upbringing (weak Catholic) and her experience in the world (ten years as a theater director) place her firmly in the God-retread category. So does the ease with which me-generation priorities are slipped into worship ("I felt good, it felt right"). Anyone for mortification? But the spirituality of her politics is what typifies her on the existential left: "The women's movement was very important to me. Socialism was important to me. But it wasn't enough." After some time in the Christian base communities in Nicaragua in 1983, she saw "the powerful combination of belief and change: what kind of marriage that is. I began to understand that liberation is not simply social and economic change. It's a change of heart. It has to do with total personal transformation."

This new spirituality has an interesting corollary. Political activism is in decline. Social work is replacing it. Most of the students I met were involved in work of some kind, for the homeless, the sick, the abandoned young. Michael Ungar, a relatively radical JTS student, spent a year in South and Central America before the seminary. He points out that most of his peers didn't even go to the Washington March for Soviet Jewry. Rabbi Gillman goes one step fur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ther: "During all that West Bank stuff, you would have expected this place to explode. Nothing happened. They had a long study day, that's all. Not everybody showed up." Even Rue, who has publicly celebrated Mass outside St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, suggests the limits of activism. Her deepest experiences have come in acts of what the Church used to call charity: "I had an experience of being with AIDS patients who were dying. I could understand and feel in my body the experience they were going on to: life after death. But can you imagine a gay man being called 'intrinsically evil' as he dies—say—a Catholic gay man? And that's a *church* that's doing that?"

YALE DIVINITY SCHOOL sums up the new generation of American religion. The first event of the day I spent there was a service in the chapel. It was full. The folk music was restrained. Psalms 130 and 100 were read. The address by a black student, Brian Alston, was on the Lenten theme "Out Of The Depths." He spoke of the Baptist Church in which he had grown up, and of Mother Smith, an old woman who lived in poverty and whose only son was in prison. "And every night she cried and prayed herself to sleep concerning his plight." She went to church by bus and sat silently through the service until the religious fervor had grown to such a pitch that she would stand up and wave her hands. Only then would the community know its duty to God had been done. It was a simple story, told charismatically by someone whose faith was still nurtured by the tradition and witness of the South.

But just in case you thought you were back in the 1950s, the day before had seen an aggressively anti-racist sermon of a wholly different variety. A guest preacher had accused three Yale teachers of penalizing black students in a class because the students had preached from the black tradition. She had no proof, merely reports. The controversy lingered the following day. As we filed in to lunch, there was a reply posted on a bulletin board. The liberal seminarians around me groaned when they saw it. It was written by Greg Simoncini, a conservative student. He defended the teachers: "These professors have long-standing commitments to civil rights at YDS and in the land. We know them. We know their integrity. Before we take at face value anything said at chapel yesterday, we should remember those professors' records, and bear in mind that an 'I heard that . . .' is simply not good enough."

John Denaro, the president of the student body, laments the new mood: "We seem to be moving out of a pseudo-liberal phase back into a strongly conservative period. I came here because I thought it was a hotbed of radicalism. It isn't. I'm intermittently sorry that I'm not at a place which isn't more socially conscious." An older student, Jim Avery, was at Yale in the early 1970s and has since returned. The difference, he says, is considerable: "It seems more ministry-oriented than I remember it." It has changed in other ways too. The number of black faculty, for example, has dropped off considerably since the heyday of student radicalism. There are two tenured women professors.

It would be wrong, though, to see Yale as a bastion of reaction. The day I visited, there was a meeting on overcoming prejudice toward non-human life forms: "Beyond Speciesism." There were no references to angels. A week before I arrived, a "Reconciliation Forum" on gays and lesbians had drawn crowds. Even Denaro was surprised by the response: "You'd think that if anyone suggested a sexual experience is also a spiritual one, people here would go crazy. But no one did."

Nor are the conservative students of the *Dartmouth Review* variety. Simoncini, for example, is from a Dutch Calvinist Church. He opposes the Moral Majority: "They don't take the tradition very seriously. They take scripture to mean what they want it to mean." His hero is South African dissident Allan Boesak, a "very fine Calvinist scholar." He objects to liberal theology because he sees it as the Moral Majority's counterpart: "the puritanism of the Left." "You have to fight here to be heard. Some people come with a very deep-seated political agenda which they want confirmed by what they learn. They have a liberal understanding of the way the world should be. If you challenge that, you're challenging their faith."

DESPITE THESE conflicting signals, the change at Yale and elsewhere is essentially straightforward. In the middle of secular society and intellectual life, religion is declaring its independence. And the students—not the teachers—are primarily responsible. Professor Hans Frei at Yale has taught religious thought to three generations. Today's bunch, he believes, is qualitatively different. "They are self-selected. It's very difficult to be devoted to religious thinking on its own ground both in terms of preparation and in terms of the intellectual climate of the day. Prospective students know that. They are lean and tough. More committed philosophically, historically, and biblically—and analytically sharper. And this in surprising contrast to the other disciplines."

But there is something a little self-conscious about the new spirituality to ring entirely true. In the slick psychohistories each student presented, the overtones were of yuppie narcissism rather than ascetic quest. The idea of vocational sacrifice did not even come up. Nor was there any sense that God could not be known. The ineffable was unmentionable. "Div School in and of itself doesn't help you very much. Everything I study here is part of my struggle to come to terms with the world," as one Yale student ingenuously remarked. At JTS, students spoke of being "a good Jew" as one might speak of being a good lawyer.

Still, yuppie priests are one mark up from no priests at all. Liberal society—even among its intellectuals—has not killed off God. It may even have sparked Her strange, belated return. As Professor Frei remarks, "It's better to be hungry and alert than stuffed and drowsy. The fleshpots of Egypt are not particularly attractive anymore, especially since High Culture is in such disarray that one cannot tell any one particular thing it might be about." Or as Yale student Lucia Jackson more hopefully puts it, "I'm bright enough. I could be a lawyer or on Wall Street. I'm here because I actually believe in something." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Big City Blues

Bright Lights, Big City
(United Artists)
A Taxing Woman
(Original Cinema)

Child stars have gone. Occasionally these days a child is a hit in a few successful pictures, as was Tatum O'Neal, but no latter-day child star has had the longevity or box-office clout of Shirley Temple or Margaret O'Brien. Instead we have late-adolescent stars, Matthew Broderick, Molly Ringwald, Michael J. Fox. As the years pass—so far, anyway—they remain adolescents and remain stars. Apparently our difference with the past is that earlier audiences wanted innocence and today's audience wants, from its younger stars, sexual adventure and discovery.

In any case, roles have to be found for these people. The need to find a role for Fox has led to a mistake. The still-adolescent actor, whatever his actual age, plays the hero of *Bright Lights, Big City*. Reportedly, many readers of Jay McInerney's novel took it as an emblem of their lives, possibly in data, certainly in dilemmas. *The Catcher in the Rye* served that function for several decades until it was supplanted by *Catch-22*. Heller's novel seemed to have faded, in that function, some time ago: *Bright Lights* is one successor. Inevitably it was headed for the screen, and the Mighty Minds of the West thought Fox.

They thought wrong. Fox is spry and has some of the appeal of a really nimble clown or tumbler, but he has only enough depth to deal with a film like *Back to the Future*. The unnamed hero of McInerney's novel, called Jamie in the film, is not exactly Camus's Meursault; still, his important life is interior. The story, set in Manhattan, is seen entirely subjectively. Jamie agonizes over his abandonment by his wife and through the howling disco nights, his troubles as a fact checker at the *New Yorker* (its name is changed), the frustrations of his insubstantial writing hopes—all while he huddles in the center of his life, well aware that the center is empty. Fox simply cannot convey much of this. From start to finish, he's just a high-school boy who, oddly, snorts coke and mourns his runaway wife. We feel that he really ought to be sipping Coke and fretting about a prom date.

Of course, Fox suffers one great disadvantage compared with the hero of the novel. The screenplay, done by McInerney, had to jettison most of the book's mongoose prose. This strips the hero of the chief strength that he had in the book. The tribulations, insights, observations in the novel are figuratively set down by the hero himself. So the very reading of the book that he wrote deepens his character and substantiates his frustrations as a writer. In the film, virtually the only words that Jamie has are those that come out of his mouth. People and places that he vivifies in the novel, that are seen through his eyes, are here seen only by ours. Sounds, too, are no longer filtered through his ears; so we miss, for example, the hero's description of a girl's voice as "gravel spread with honey."

Thus denuded, and with a hard-breathing chipmunk at its core, this supposed epitome of 1980s angst can't come to much, even though some of the other actors are better—Swoosie Kurtz as a loyal friend at the magazine, Jason Robards as a sodden old staffer, Kiefer Sutherland as Jamie's Mephistophelian friend. (On the basis of this and past work, Sutherland would have been more convincing than Fox as Jamie.) In fact, one of the cast is excellent: Dianne Wiest as Jamie's mother. The mother died a year before the story starts, and Jamie remembers her in a few flashback scenes, including one at her bedside. Wiest asks him gently but slyly about his girlfriends, and when he acknowledges certain matters, she is quietly proud—proud that she guessed right and proud of her attractive son. It's a subtle scene, imaginatively underplayed.

On the other hand, Frances Sternhagen, whom I've long admired in the theater, overacts as Jamie's boss at the magazine. She mugs like a 1910 stage actress making her first appearance in those newfangled movies. Phoebe Cates, as Jamie's wife turned ambitious model, is supposed to be heart-wrenching but is pallid. Tracy Pollan, the young woman supposed to be a new force in his life, is merely one more face and voice in the crowd.

Gordon Willis's camera did wonders for Woody Allen in *Manhattan*, but he seems to have run out of Manhattan ideas. James Bridges, the director, relies rather tritely on whirly montages and swish pans to convey Jamie's inner turbulence. Bridges also shares responsibility for the lapses in casting and performance. And he commits other slips. For instance, Jamie gets thrown out into the street by a bouncer at a fashion show, and few of the passers-by even turn their heads. Santo Loquasto, usually an excellent designer, puts a panorama of lighted skyscrapers behind the window of Kurtz's apartment that couldn't look more like a piece of scenery.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Housekeeping. Extraordinary acting and directing transform a fey comedy into a mythic drama of lingering frontier spirit. Fine. (Reviewed 1/18/88)

The Two Lives of Mattia Pascal. Marcello Mastroianni brims with charm as a self-serving scamp in this freehand, modern adaptation of Pirandello's novel. (4/18/88)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being. Three attractive and skilled actors in the principal roles do a good deal to compensate for what is omitted of Kundera's novel. (2/29/88)

White Mischief. Very stylish dramatization of actual murder-and-scandal in high society, Kenya 1941. The chief reason for bothering with the subject is the film's texture, but the texture is there. (4/11/88)

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

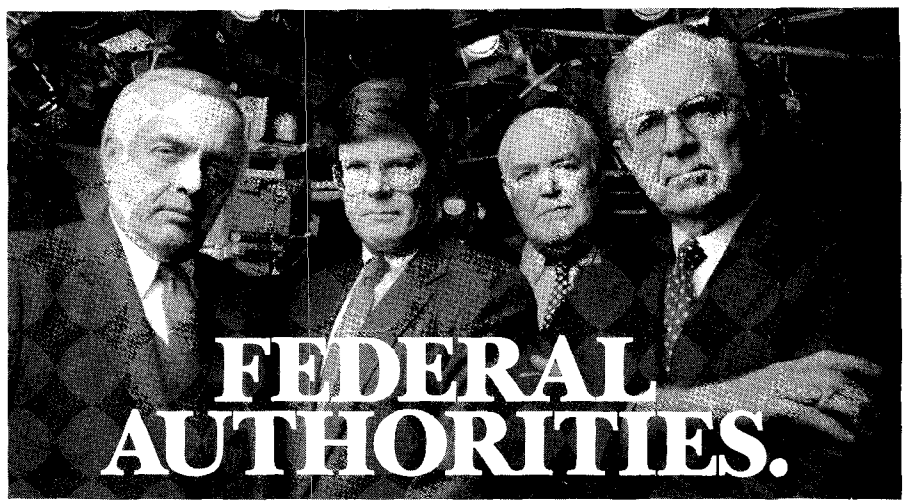
The Japanese writer-director Juzo Itami has made three films, which have been released here in Two, One, Three order. Two, *Tampopo*, about a young widow and her noodle shop, was both witty and humorous. One, *The Funeral*, was a satire on social custom and hypocrisy that sagged somewhat. Now comes Three, *A Taxing Woman*—I'm told that the Japanese title doesn't pun—which is about a woman tax inspector in feverish Tokyo today. It ranks somewhere between One and Two in sustained interest, but it's closely related to them in two ways: it's exceptionally well directed, and part of its atmosphere is sex.

As a writer, Itami lacks the sure sense of economy, of pith and pace, that he has as a director. Not so loosely as in *The Funeral* but still to some degree, he lets the script of *Woman* wander, peak, fall, peak again, and so on—with three or four endings. The inspector is played by Nobuko Miyamoto, Itami's wife, who has done all his leading roles, and her energy does much to hold the film on course, but it isn't quite enough.

Her job, which she pursues doggedly, is to examine the accounts and practices of suspect individuals and businesses—at times to do more than examine, to operate like a private eye. Her chief target throughout the film is a big-money swindler, ruthlessly played by Tsutomu Yamazaki, whose ethics are clear from the start. We first see him bribing a hospital nurse to get him documents so that he can start a dummy company in the name of one of the nurse's dying patients.

Much of the film has the flavor of Billy Wilder at his most sardonic, but sometimes, especially toward the end, the bitter-funny tone shades into the heavily dramatic; and even when it doesn't, the story sways and splays. Yet Itami's direction is always crisp, kinetic, uncluttered, and with the first-class cinematographer Yonezo Maeda, it often gives us compositions that are lovely without being intrusive. All of the cast seem honed to the finest edge, farce or fury. A scene in which the swindler's mistress tries to kill him when he walks out on her is an explosion.

If Itami can mend the schism in himself, between his discrimination as a director and his uncertainties as a writer, he can go up and up. If not, at least he needs the luck he had in *Tampopo*, where the script—by happenstance, possibly—was just as good as the way it was made. □



THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP Robert Novak. Morton Kondracke. Jack Germond. And, of course, John McLaughlin.

They're award-winning journalists on the Washington scene. Every week on "The McLaughlin Group" they deliver riveting commentary on issues and people of national importance.

So if you're interested in where the trends are headed, tune in to this feisty political talk show. These authorities take the issues seriously, not themselves.

Made possible by a grant from GE.

Check your local listing for station and time.

We bring good things to life.

A team of Pulitzer winners brings Star Wars down to earth.

"So far, nobody has set forth the dimensions and rules of the star war game with more clarity than the team behind *Claiming the Heavens*."
—Dave Griffiths, *Business Week*

Philip M. Boffey, William J. Broad, Leslie H. Gelb, Charles Mohr, and Holcomb B. Noble

CLAIMING THE HEAVENS

The New York Times
COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE
STAR WARS DEBATE

"Chilling.... The long, hard journey to nuclear wisdom... is rife with diversions and dead ends. *Claiming the Heavens*, with a fairness that is admirable, competently exposes its pitfalls."
—Richard Rhodes, *The New York Times Book Review*

Published by
Times BOOKS
A Random House, Inc. Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF MULTITUDE

Arabesques
by Anton Shammas
translated by Vivian Eden

(Harper & Row, 263 pp., $16.95)

By the strictest standards of disinterestedness, I should not be reviewing Anton Shammas's *Arabesques*, for I played a role in its publication, though a small and not entirely successful one. In the summer of 1985, I was asked by a Tel Aviv literary agent if I would write a report for Harper & Row on a Hebrew novel by Shammas that was still in manuscript. I agreed. I had never read anything of his before and knew only that he was a young Israeli Arab poet who wrote in both Arabic and Hebrew; but Arab authors writing in Hebrew are not a commonplace even in Israel, and I looked forward to the book with curiosity.

It arrived, I began to read, and I was captivated. Or at least I was for the better part of it, an intricate and original saga of a Christian Arab family in the Galilee. Of course, our sense of originality tends to be something of an illusion. What produces it is a writer's ability to stand between us and certain authors he has loved—and in his deft joining of the historical and the fabulous, of careful detail and spun fantasy, Shammas called such authors to mind. What if he did, though? So perfectly suited was his style to his subject, and so superbly did he handle the complexities of both, that even if, say, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and its epigones had never existed, one felt that *Arabesques* would be the same.

Not that it was an easy book to read. On the contrary: with its huge cast of grandparents, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and cousins, its time frames that leapt back and forth among numerous points between the 1830s and the 1980s, and its mazelike plot whose destination kept one guessing, it rather resembled a puzzle that had to be pieced painstakingly together. Often I found myself turning back for enlightenment to some previous chapter or passage whose full import became apparent pages later. And yet the picture that emerged as the pieces slipped into place was drawn in exact perspective.

In the foreground, the Shammases, a mixed clan of peasants, craftsmen, smugglers, wanderers, storytellers, believers, bet-hedgers, and survivors, struggling to steer their modest lives past the hidden shoals of history and genetics. In the middle ground, the village of Fasuta, a remote spot in the Upper Galilee whose residents, unlike their Muslim neighbors (whether because they are peaceable Christians who lack the imagination to do anything else or because their village is so far off the beaten track that the war is over before it can reach them), do not first fight the Jews and then flee to the refugee camps of Lebanon during Israel's War of Independence, but rather stay quietly put and become citizens of a Jewish state. In the background, the Arabs of Palestine and the terrible traumas of 1948 and 1967 that have pursued them relentlessly since. And finally, glimpsed yet further back where the receding lines converged (for, if in nothing else than our habitual unpreparedness for fate's blows, are we not all Palestinians?), the human condition.

And the Hebrew: a rich, lyrical, sinuous prose, double-jointedly defying the syntactical knots into which its long sentences kept threatening to tie it. Not the least surprising thing about it, moreover, was its "Jewishness," its allusive sounding of biblical and rabbinic texts to make complex, unstated statements in a manner typical of Hebrew literary tradition, though not especially of Israeli writing today. For example, when at one point I was told how, in the autumn of 1948, the local commander of the victorious Haganah issued an order for the Fasutians to be expelled to Lebanon and then rescinded it upon receipt of a bribe from the village priest, the text read:

> The priest went forth and came before the commander. He laid an envelope on the table and said to him, "This is all there is." The heart of the commander was sufficiently softened by the twenty pounds that he did not banish the inhabitants from their village. A message was sent to those in Rmaïch [a village across the Lebanese border] that the decree was annulled.

The Hebrew, however, did not say that the commander's heart was "softened." It said that it was "hardened" (*vayehezak lev ha-mefaked ba-kesef*), using the same archaic verb form as the Book of Exodus when it tells us, "And Pharaoh's heart was hardened. . . . Then the Lord said to Moses, Pharaoh's heart is hardened, he refuses to let the people go." The irony was multiple: the commander is not being obdurate—rather, *vayehezak* here has the sense of "was firmed up"—but he too decides that the people will not go and he too has become a little Pharaoh, crowned by the sudden turn of events over his Christian subjects, who until recently would not have dreamed in their worst nightmares of being ruled by a Jew. (The translation by Vivian Eden is generally adequate, although a less literal and more self-reliant approach might have conveyed Shammas's artistry better.) And who was playing on the Hebrew Bible in a time-honored Jewish way to tell me this? A Christian Arab narrator named Anton Shammas! He had written, I thought, a splendid book.

Until, that is, I reached the last third of it, at which point the enchantment went awry. Suddenly Fasuta and its inhabitants vanished. The scene shifted to Paris, where the narrator of *Arabesques* was stopping on his way to an international writers workshop in Iowa, and then to the workshop itself. Did I say narrator? But he too had partly vanished—or rather there was now a second narrator beside him, a Hebrew novelist named Yehoshua Bar-On, plus two new major female characters who were introduced by an unidentified voice.

And as if that were not confusing enough, it soon transpired that the original Anton Shammas might not have written *Arabesques* at all. Two other candidates for authorship were put forth. One was Bar-On, who confides that he is planning to write a novel based on material to be gotten from Shammas, with whom he is attending the workshop. The other was Michael Abyad, a cousin of Shammas's, falsely believed to have died in infancy, who works for the PLO in Beirut and travels to Iowa with a manuscript of a book he has written about Fasuta. Michael Abyad, however, is not the name given him at birth. What is? Why, Anton Shammas, of course.

The quality of the fantasy had also changed. Part One, for instance, ended hauntingly with the dynamiting (for construction purposes) of a legendary cave that the villagers, in more gullible times, once believed to contain buried treasure and to be guarded by a mythical rooster:

> The sound of a dull explosion shook the earth under our feet. . . . Tiny fragments of rock from the spill of detritus hovered in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the air and drifted down on our heads. A cloud of dust rose from the place where the rock had sat ever since the day the *djinnis* had put it there to seal their cave.

And now the dust disperses in the cold February wind, revealing a gaping white mouth and clods of earth. Relieved laughter escapes the lips of the witnesses to the scene, and even Hilweh [a cousin of the narrator's who still believes in the rooster's existence] smiles in embarrassed disappointment. But very quickly the smile freezes on her lips, her eyes are fixed on the sky, her hand points upward, and a sharp scream escapes from her:

"Look! Over there!"

And a feather, a crimson feather, turns round and round, dizzily descending in slow circles over the gaping white mouth, and lands caressingly upon the clods of earth.

When this same feather mysteriously reappeared in Part Two, however, clutched by a small boy (the son of yet another of the narrator's many cousins) who has tripped and fallen in Paris—

> He was lying there frightened, his face smeared with dust and his body trembling like a feather in the wind. And in his hand he was holding an astonishingly beautiful feather, crimson in color [which inexplicably disappears a moment later]

—the hocus-pocus was merely arch. It was, in fact, pure Mary Poppins.

I FELT CHEATED. No longer was I reading a magical novel about an ordinary yet wondrous Palestinian village, but rather a flat exercise in literary modernism, with its airplane flights and cocktail parties, its self-conscious artifice and look-at-me-ness, its multiple narrators, split identities, and writers writing about writers writing about writing. No doubt Shammas had his reasons for it all, and I supposed that I could guess what some might be, but were any of them worth the price of spoiling a little masterpiece?

Fortunately, the situation seemed remediable. The first part of *Arabesques* was quite complete in itself. Why not, I thought, publish it independently, leaving the material from Part Two for another book? Shammas's agent, when I put the idea to her, thought it had merit. In fact, she said, she would like me to suggest it to Shammas. And so the three of us met for lunch one day in a Jewish section of Jerusalem, not far from the street where he lived. But it did not prove to be a meeting of minds. Shammas, though conceding that he too was unsatisfied with the relationship between the book's two parts, was not

GUILTY

ON 6 COUNTS OF PUBLIC SERVICE

We admit it. We've spent more hours covering the federal judiciary than any television network.

1. Justices' speeches.
When a Supreme Court justice speaks at an open public gathering, you're likely to see it on C-SPAN.

2. Court correspondents.
Our call-in programs with law reporters let cable viewers talk to the press who cover the judiciary.

3. 'Supreme Court Review.'
Scheduled for the weeks the high court hears oral arguments, this series features legal experts discussing the cases heard and the decisions handed down.

4. Hearings on the judiciary.
From the court's budget hearings to judicial confirmations, C-SPAN airs them gavel-to-gavel from Capitol Hill.

5. ABA conferences.
Watch the newsmakers who address the nation's largest gathering of legal professionals.

6. Specials.
Tune in for inside looks at the Supreme Court, the U.S. Court of Appeals, the Justice Department, the FBI, and more.

'America and the Courts'

Over 400 Hours of Television on the Federal Judiciary Since 1985

C-SPAN

Available throughout the nation on cable television

444 North Capitol Street, NW • Suite 412 • Washington, D.C. 20001

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disposed to jettison one of them, and his somewhat ironically distant manner made it clear that I was not the person to convince him to do so.

We parted amicably, I wrote my report, and eventually *Arabesques* came out in Hebrew. Curious to see its final form, I bought a copy. As I had expected, Shammas had not taken my advice. Yet neither had he left Parts One and Two alone. He had done, in my opinion, something far worse: he had shuffled them together like two decks of cards. Several chapters about Fasuta and a chapter about Paris. Another chapter about Fasuta and a chapter about Iowa City. Fasuta once more and back to Iowa City again, etc. It was definitely the modernistic solution.

LOOKING BACK today on that lunch, I suspect Shammas may have felt patronized. He had put a great deal of himself into *Arabesques*, and Yehoshua Bar-On, Michael Abyad, and the rest of Part Two belonged to something he wished to say about the ambiguities of being a Hebrew-writing Palestinian in Israel. Here was I, a Jew he had never met before, telling him to stay away from the complications of the modern novel and to stick to being the village storyteller, which was obviously all an Arab author was good for.

Of course, nothing could have been further from my mind. But I was not acquainted with Shammas's views or with his feelings of non-acceptance by the Jewish society in whose language he so brilliantly wrote, I had never read any of his sardonic columns in the Jerusalem weekly *Kol Ha'ir* (the closest thing in Israel to the old, pre-Murdoch *Village Voice*), and I had no way of knowing that a month later he would publish a piece there that would touch off a tempest in the teapot of the Israeli literary left. In an article attacking the Law of Return—which states that any Jew in the world has the automatic right to immigrate to Israel and become a citizen—Shammas called it a racist, anti-Arab statute and continued, referring to the 1948 Declaration of Independence, which promised that "the Jewish State in the Land of Israel . . . will maintain complete social and political equality for all its citizens, irrespective of religion, race, and sex":

> For my part, the Declaration of Independence, though still reputed (in the absence of a written constitution) to be a liberal document, is the AIDS of "the Jewish State in the Land of Israel," whose long incubation has produced Gush Emunim and its two lawful offspring, the [Jewish terror group convicted of maiming and murdering Arabs on the West Bank] and [Rabbi Meir] Kahane. That is where it all began, and that is where it all will end. AIDS, I am sorry to say, despite my sympathy for homosexuals, affects mainly monoerotics, and a mononational Jewish State contains by definition the seeds of its own destruction: the collapse of the political immune system that we call democracy. . . . Rock Hudson, who once was as beautiful as a Palmachnik, now lies dying long after the dissolution of the Palmach. The State of Israel (for Jews, of course) was indeed once beautiful . . . a monoracial, mononational country, as insured by the Law of Return, which I consider to be the other, racist face of the supposedly enlightened Declaration of Independence.

Only in the pages of Proust, perhaps, can one find so bizarre a metaphor comparing Jews to homosexuals—but in Proust the comparison does not drip vitriol. In any case, the gauntlet was soon taken up by A. B. Yehoshua, a personal friend of Shammas's and a member in good standing of the Israeli left. Yehoshua took Shammas to task for confusing two separate issues: minority rights and minority status. Regarding the former, Shammas had every reason to demand the equality promised him. But if he believed that this equality meant Israel's abolition as the instrument of its Jewish majority—indeed, that the very notion of a Jewish majority must be done away with—then he was thinking unrealistically. Israel, wrote Yehoshua,

> is a Jewish state just as Spain is a Spanish state. And I say to Anton Shammas . . . if you want an undivided identity, if you want to live in a country whose character and culture are unsubordinatedly Palestinian, take your things and move a few hundred yards eastward [to Arab Jerusalem], to the Palestinian state that [you and I hope] will exist by Israel's side; you are far better off in this respect than most national minorities, which have no such alternative. But if you wish to remain here—and for my part, you are more than welcome to—you will have to do so as a minority.

Shammas, though hardly the innocent victim of verbal aggression, let out an angry cry of protest: Yehoshua was all but handing him an expulsion order! If even an anti-chauvinist of impeccable credentials was prepared to do the work of Kahane, what hope for Jewish-Arab coexistence in Israel could there be? "Before I am drowned out by the motors of the trucks waiting on the left side of the road [to transfer me across the border]," Shammas wrote, "I would like to say a few words":

> Contrary to what A. B. Yehoshua thinks, I am not seeking my undivided identity in an independent Palestinian state, much less in an independent Jewish one. . . . And contrary to what most of the [Israeli] left thinks, I do not agree with the formulation that "Israel is a Jewish state just as Spain is a Spanish state," for the simple reason that, in the best cases, such an equation is hypocritical and misleading. The Arabs of Israel (who are being cast in the role of the Basques) are not Israelis in the same sense that the Basques are predominantly Spanish. Nor do the Arabs of Israel want what the Basques want. Israel, for Yehoshua's equation to make sense, should be [not Jewish but] Israeli: Israel is an Israeli state just as Spain is a Spanish state. Period.

AND FOR THOSE who were unsure what he meant by "Israeli," Shammas (who wrote in the same article that "I see Hebrew and Arabic as two Israeli languages, just as Flemish and French are two Belgian languages") subsequently spelled the word out:

> Israeli identity is, in my opinion, the identity of a citizen of the State of Israel . . . who believes that:
>
> 1. Zionism, as a national movement, concluded its task with the establishment of the State of Israel.
>
> 2. Anyone living as a citizen within the State's 1967 borders is an Israeli.
>
> 3. . . . The time has come to replace the Law of Return with a regular immigration law like that existing in (secular, democratic) Western countries. . . .
>
> 4. All Israelis should have equal rights and obligations.
>
> 5. Israel today is not (as it was until 1967) a democratic state even for its Jews. . . .
>
> 6. The above program can be implemented only with Israel's return to its 1967 borders. . . .
>
> But how many such people [who believe in the above] are there? Look around you and within you and you will see that such a thing as an "Israeli identity" is a pure figment of the imagination. . . . Can we afford to wait with Levantine patience for the first Jew to head a new camp that joins him in the cry: "Zionism is dead, long live the Israeli nation!"?
>
> Happy is he who believes!

Even on the face of it, there is a curious self-contradiction in all this. After all, if the relationship of Basques to Spaniards lacks the parity of the relationship of Flemings to Walloons, this is primarily because the Basques are a small fraction of the Spanish population, while the Flemings are roughly half of that of Belgium. If Shammas aspires to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be an Israeli "Fleming" rather than an Israeli "Basque," he should be calling not for Israel's withdrawal from the occupied territories but for its annexation of them, which would increase the percentage of its Arab citizens from 17 percent to 40 percent overnight. But the really curious thing about his position is not even that. It is, rather, this: though he may be the first Arab passionately to cry "Zionism is dead, long live the Israeli nation!" the first Jews to do so must be sought not in the future, but in the past, so that here too, as in his Hebrew prose, Shammas emerges as an oddly "Jewish" figure.

"WE CARRY a great responsibility. Everything is up to us! Either we will be the last Jews—or the first of a new nation." The writer is Micah Yosef Berdichevsky; the language, Hebrew; the year, 1899. And though Berdichevsky, who died in Berlin in 1921, never set foot in Palestine, he was the spiritual ancestor of the movement that eventually came to be known as "Canaanism." It was a movement that would have been inconceivable anywhere but on Palestinian ground. The "Canaanites" were a small but provocative group of Hebrew writers and artists that flourished mainly in the 1940s and early '50s, the most prominent member of which was the poet and essayist Yonatan Ratosh. They looked both backward and forward in an attempt to transvalue (their opponents, and perhaps they themselves, might have preferred to say, to destroy) Jewish identity in Palestine/Israel, and to replace it with something radically different: backward to the premonotheistic Hebrews of ancient Canaan for a new set of national myths, and forward to a reborn people that, by casting off its exilic Jewish heritage, would be able to assimilate Palestine's Arabs and merge with them into a single folk. In its most unbridled form, in fact, which had some currency in the anti-British Stern Gang, Canaanism envisioned the new "Hebrews" spreading beyond the boundaries of Palestine to absorb and digest much of the Fertile Crescent.

Of course, in its willful disregard of the most elementary social, cultural, and political realities, there was something of the lunatic fringe about Canaanism from the start, and lunacy does not seem far from the surface when one reads in a writer like Ratosh such statements as:

> For every day and hour of the day the poison [of Jewishness] permeates our writing, speaking, and thinking.... Our country cannot be both Hebrew and Jewish, our people cannot be both a nation and a limb of an eternal Jewish Diaspora. If we do not drive it from our midst, this morbid culture of migrants and shriners will infect us forever with its leprosy. Instead of a Hebrew homeland, instead of a proliferating Hebrew people, we will have only the same old Holy Land moldering with corruption and hypocrisy, only one more temporary way station on a never-ending Jewish road.

Yet substitute "Israeli" for "Hebrew" and "AIDS" for "leprosy," and are we that far off from the world of Anton Shammas?

Still, as is often the case with intellectuals who tend to extreme formulations—as was indeed the case with Canaanism in general—both Ratosh and Shammas have tried seizing by the horns an authentic dilemma: if Zionism is in fact the revolution in Jewish life that it purports to be, one meant to reconstitute Jewish identity on a new base of territory, language, and nationhood that would supersede the old one of ethnicity and religion, what is the logic of stopping halfway in the process? If an Israeli (or a "Hebrew," in Ratosh's pre-1948 terminology) can be a non-believing and

Thought-provoking.

New titles from Harvard University Press

The World We Created at Hamilton High
Gerald Grant

"... beautifully written, carefully researched and continually insightful. With searing honesty, Grant portrays the dilemmas of the schools today.... He has succeeded in writing a brilliant and provocative book."—Diane Ravitch $24.95

Leadership in the Modern Presidency
Fred I. Greenstein, Editor

"[A] vivid account of the evolution of the presidency into the modern, highly complex, highly influential office we know today. It is highly recommended to anyone interested in understanding how our country is led, and by whom."—*The Christian Science Monitor* $29.95

The AIDS Bureaucracy
Sandra Panem

"A thoughtful, well-researched treatise on the response of the public-health services to the AIDS crisis ... This is a valuable addition to the AIDS literature, and a thought-provoking proposal for the future."—*Kirkus Reviews* $22.50 cloth; $9.95 paper

God Land
Reflections on Religion and Nationalism
Conor Cruise O'Brien

In his famously witty style, Conor Cruise O'Brien illuminates the confusion and conflation of religion and nationalism throughout history, and the enormous tensions produced by interactions between the two.
The William E. Massey Sr. Lectures in the History of American Civilization $15.95

The Nonprofit Economy
Burton A. Weisbrod

"This book is a major contribution to an important and neglected subject. The work is thoughtfully analytical, well documented, and clearly formulated. It will be valuable for years to come."—David A. Hamburg, M.D., President, Carnegie Corporation of New York $22.95

The Health Economy
Victor R. Fuchs

"[Fuchs] is equally adept in probing the psychological motives of individual patients and physicians and in projecting how changes in economic incentives will affect the behavior of vast groups of doctors, hospitals, and insurers."—*Washington Post* $12.95 paper

Harvard University Press, Cambridge, MA 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

non-practicing Jew, why must he or she be a Jew at all? Does not the confusion of Israeliness and Jewishness mean that the Zionist revolution has been left incomplete and deprived of any assimilatory power over the natives it must share a land with?

Clearly, Shammas is right about one thing: an Arab living in Israel can aspire to be an Israeli, but he cannot aspire to be a Jew—and unless it means something else than mere Hebrew-speaking, sovereign Jewishness, the Israeliness of Israel's Arab citizens must remain an essentially legal category that is confined to the pages of passports and identity cards. It is symptomatic that when one speaks today of "an Israeli," one means a Jew; just as another identity need not be specified by saying "an Israeli Jew," so it must be specified when referring to an Israeli Arab.

Granted. But what kind of meta-Jewish, meta-Arab Israeliness is conceivable when one is talking about two communities with radically different cultures, values, and historical experiences, whose only clear point of contact is that they have been in conflict over the same land for nearly 100 years—a conflict that is presently polarizing them more and more? Even on a purely symbolic level, a common denominator is hard to find. If one cannot expect an Arab to sing a national anthem that begins, "As long as deep in his heart/A Jew still yearns [for Zion]," neither can one expect a Jew to stop singing it after its words and music have stirred his people for generations.

The Canaanites were not so much enamored of the myths of ancient Canaan as they were despairing of finding a closer starting point for the pan-Semitic "Hebrewness" they dreamed of. If Canaanism has long since vanished from the Israeli scene, this is because even its blindest adherents came to realize that the illogic of history is far stronger than the logic of utopian theory. Zionism has indeed been an incomplete revolution, leaving Israeli Jews still enmeshed in their exilic heritage. But all revolutions are incomplete, and all eventually experience a "return of the repressed," in which even elements of the past that were thought to be permanently transformed or eliminated intractably resurface, a process that Jewish society in Israel is troublesomely undergoing today.

In this sense Shammas, who has logic on his side as Yehoshua has history on his, may turn out to be the last Canaanite. Some distant day perhaps, when historical processes have worked themselves out, the Jews and Arabs of Israel may achieve a shared identity, whether through a kind of "Belgiumization" or through the slow assimilation of the Arabs by the Jews. How remote the latter eventuality now seems is evidenced by the fact that Israel today is probably the only country in the world in which, when a member of the minority marries a member of the majority, the couple nearly always lives and raises its children in the minority culture, that is, as Arabs. Unaffected by their changed historical position, most Israeli Jews continue to view intermarriage with their neighbors as a threat and a betrayal, as if they themselves were still an embattled minority in the Diaspora.

Meanwhile the two communities will have to live side by side without such a meta-identity, relying in the best of cases (which, I agree with Shammas, means first and foremost a withdrawal from the West Bank and Gaza) on the power of practical cooperation and social meliorism to create a modus vivendi between them. There is indeed a great deal to ameliorate. For despite its lip service to full democracy, Israel's policy toward its Arab citizens in the years since 1948 has been a fairly discreditable one of discrimination in most walks of life. Having no prior historical experience of majorityhood, the Jews of Israel must learn that this status involves not only privilege but responsibility; having no prior historical experience of minorityhood, Israel's Arabs must accept the fact that such a condition, no matter how imperfect, is not intrinsically degrading or unlivable.

It is a condition, however, that leaves Shammas feeling homeless. "I feel an exile in Arabic," he writes, "which is the tongue of my blood. And I feel an exile in Hebrew, which is my stepmother tongue, in no small measure because Hebrew writers [like Yehoshua] consider it to be a Jewish language." Yet Hebrew *is* a Jewish language, and homelessness, as has often been observed, is not the worst address for a writer. The original Part Two of *Arabesques* was about this sense of homelessness, as Part One was about the sense of home. Faced with the radical incongruity between them, Shammas vexedly broke them and scrambled them together, when he should have sundered them. But *Arabesques* is an important Hebrew novel, and one hopes that it will not be his last.

HILLEL HALKIN

Hillel Halkin has translated Sholem Aleichem's *Tevye the Dairyman and the Railroad Stories* (Schocken).

STANDING PAT

Right from the Beginning
by Patrick J. Buchanan

(Little, Brown, 288 pp., $18.95)

Patrick Buchanan is a man destined to be disappointed in his rulers. Pope or president, they all go soft on him in the end. If Monsignor Buchanan had been an aide to Alexander VI, he would no doubt have been loyal, bustling through Vatican corridors on this nefarious task or that, but not really thinking his leader had gone far enough, still muttering, "Let Borgia be Borgia." Picture, then, the frustration of a Catholic who grew up under the rigid Pacelli only to see a squishier Roncalli treat other Christians, and even Jews, as if they had some inkling of the truth. If Buchanan was unhappy with Nixon for abandoning his own bunker, he becomes apoplectic at Paul VI for countenancing handshakes of peace in the liturgy. For Buchanan, John Paul II is not anti-communist enough; Nixon was not mean enough; and Reagan is not Reagan enough.

A man of such resolution can perform many services for those in power. For one thing, he makes the most extreme among them look moderate. But that leaves a mystery for all who know him. How can such a fanatic be so likable? The answer is suggested in this book, which presents Buchanan's rela-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionship with his father as the central influence on his life. Buchanan père regularly whipped his four sons with a belt, encouraged them to be fighters, made them hit a punching bag hundreds of times a day, idolized Joe McCarthy and Westbrook Pegler, and told any child who questioned the Church to "get out of my house." Pat loved it all, except some of the beatings—and he was able to mitigate those with his desperate weapon, wit:

If you could get him to appreciate the humorous aspects of the episode, Pop would gradually cease to see himself in his necessary role as father, guide, and disciplinarian, and begin to see himself as vicarious participant, someone who, after all, had gotten into similar scrapes as a boy.

This father, who loved the Uncle Remus tales and read them to his children, nicknamed his boys after characters in the stories. Patrick was "Br'er Rabbit," the clever one, who could get away with anything if he made his father laugh. Turning the Great Santini into the Great McGonigle was, it often seemed to Young Buchanan, a matter of life or death—and he has known ever since how to temper his fanaticism with laughter.

But the fanaticism is real, and it testifies to the unhappy fact that intricate patterns of prejudice can be reproduced in the young by way of beatings. Buchanan rightly stresses the importance of growing up during World War II, when America was always right, and the rest of the world was subject to its ministrations, either for saving or for destroying. He feels that is the role his nation still should play—just as his Church should. The Catholic Church of Buchanan's youth was so self-evidently right that he is convinced all other teenagers envied the Catholics and wanted to be like them. They could not be like them, of course; they did not have the Truth. The price was high for having the Truth: absolute submission to every claim of Church or country (or else "get out of my house"). But the satisfactions were abundant, especially that of Certitude, to which Buchanan became addicted. He is consequently left in the odd position of telling his Church, You *know* you still have the truth, you are just too gutless to speak it anymore.

Next to Certitude, Buchanan's chief satisfaction seems to have come from fighting, with fists or insults. We are treated to loving descriptions of his brawls and the exact terms of invective he used on different targets. He is inordinately fond of the young Victor McLaughlin who goes bashing around the perpetual John Ford movie he makes of his youth, and again one wonders why we should share some of the liking. One reason may be that Buchanan turns out to have been a rather sickly bruiser, who spent a good deal of his time in and out of hospitals, learning to smile through pain. McLaughlin may have played the drunken lout, but he was also vulnerable.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

And then there is the magic of loyalty. Buchanan is proud to have learned from his studious days of mayhem that you always fight alongside the guys you came with, no matter what or who starts the fight. That gave him his moral position on Watergate: "Whether Nixon was wrong was not the relevant issue. Even if he had booted it, he had a right to be defended; and his friends had a duty to be there." So Buchanan defended Joe McCarthy even after he made the fatal mistake of criticizing the U.S. Army. (The smearing of leftists was fine with Buchanan.) He was loyal to the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, the only newspaper he ever worked for, despite the fact that it turned its pages over to the FBI for the agency to harass leftists. He has not a word of criticism for his former ventriloquist's dummy, Spiro Agnew. Whatever these people did, they all had the right enemies. Pat kept on slugging side by side with them, until there was no one left standing but Buchanan *contra mundum*.

This book seems to have been occasioned by the soul-searching Buchanan underwent last year as people with kamikaze mentalities to match his own were urging him to run for president. Thus entertaining chapters of family roughhousing are followed by tedious position papers from his aborted campaign. These sound remarkably similar to Pat Robertson's platform—prayer in schools, no truck with communists, "liberation" not containment, punishment for the "perpetrators" of AIDS. Robertson shows us what Buchanan would be without the wit. This is not surprising when one reflects that Buchanan and Robertson are bound together by ties of friendship for each other and for Oliver North.

And Robertson lacks one other of Buchanan's qualities, a certain chivalry. With a combatant's sense of honor, Buchanan tries to give his opponent every

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advantage. Thus he takes the weakest point in his position and singles that out for defense. When he praises McCarthy, it is as "Tailgunner Joe," the term invented by McCarthy's enemies for their own use. Such tactics give to his arguments a saving touch of parody. That is the real reason Buchanan could never be president: he is not self-important enough (try as he does to become that in this self-indulgent memoir). As his father learned, dropping the strap just as he was about to swing it down on Pat, the clown in Br'er Rabbit continually redeems the thug.

GARRY WILLS

Garry Wills is the author most recently of *Reagan's America: Innocents at Home* (Doubleday).

THE HOT COLD WAR

The Forgotten War: America in Korea, 1950-1953 by Clay Blair

(Times Books, 1,136 pp., $29.95)

The Korean War: Uncertain Victory by Donald Knox

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 528 pp., $29.95)

The Korean War by Max Hastings

(Simon and Schuster, 389 pp., $22.95)

Vietnam veterans, at least, have a national memorial. Korean War veterans have only a small, inconspicuous granite "Meditation Bench" in Arlington National Cemetery. It took until 1986 for the government to authorize the construction of a monument in Washington to Korean War veterans, under the auspices of the American Battle Monuments Commission. As with the Vietnam memorial, private money will fund most of it. So far, a large portion of that money has come from Hyundai, the South Korean automobile manufacturer.

Korea truly is "The Forgotten War," as the title of Clay Blair's new book has it. And yet it cost almost as many American lives—over 50,000—as did Vietnam; it set a pattern for over two decades of Sino-American hostility; it probably brought us closer to the use of nuclear weapons than any other episode in our postwar history. But Korea quickly dwindled in the national consciousness and is today no more than a far off memory. The more one considers this, the more peculiar it becomes. Unlike Vietnam, the Korean War had drama (at least in its first year) reminiscent of World War II—last stands, brilliant ripostes, calamitous defeats. Nobody would deny that the principal actors—Truman, MacArthur, Ridgway, Mao, and the rest—lacked stature or human interest.

Perhaps it is because, judged by the standards of a people and leaders who had fought World War II, Korea seemed a failure. There was no conclusive victory; there were only, after a year of see-saw fighting, a long trench line reminiscent of the western front in 1917, and acutely frustrating negotiations with Communist generals who delighted in putting off, with petty torments, the eventual armistice and prisoner exchange. Perhaps, too, it had something to do with the uneven performance of American forces in Korea. The initial defeats of the summer of 1950 by the North Koreans, and the much larger and more shocking drubbing administered by the Chinese in November and December, shook the self-esteem of a country accustomed to thinking of itself, after 1945, as a military power second to none.

Following the war, veterans moved swiftly and generally successfully to find their niches in a prosperous and placid society that had paid scant attention to their battles, yet did not disapprove of military service or the larger cause for which they fought. The political and military leadership turned, with relief, to Europe, always viewed as the chief anxiety and first charge on American strategy in the 1950s. Intellectuals interested in defense policy agreed that Korea was an aberration, and they focused their attention on the esoterica of nuclear strategy. And military historians preferred to study a real war, the war of 1939-45, in which you could examine the other side's records as well as your own.

But Korea deserves far more attention than it has received. It accelerated the construction of the large, permanent defense establishment that the United States maintains today. It shaped the attitudes of its leadership in important and not always obvious ways. As a case study in the American style of limited war, it offers no end of lessons—about cohesion and organizational effectiveness, about the nature of generalship, about problems of intelligence gathering and assessment, to name only a few. And those who fell or were maimed there have a claim on American memories a generation later.

It is partly in support of this last purpose that the late Donald Knox compiled *The Korean War: An Oral History*. The first volume, published in 1985, covered the period from the initial American intervention in July 1950, through the retreat to the Pusan Perimeter at the southeastern tip of Korea, to the Inchon landings in September and the advance toward the Yalu in November of that year. The second volume, *Uncertain Victory*, covers the period of the U.N. retreat and counterattack from January 1951 to July 1951, and the stalemated war and negotiations that lasted two more years, until July 1953. In fact, Knox's book is not, technically speaking, an oral history; to interviews conducted 35 years after the event, he adds letters home to parents and girlfriends, excerpts from war diaries and official reports, and the odd paragraph from memoirs and the like—all of which contribute a valuable immediacy to Knox's record. His book is unusual for focusing on the latter years of the war, as well as for its range (it covers the air war, for example, which other accounts often neglect).

The result is an impressionistic account rather than a history, stitched together with occasional paragraphs that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provide a chronology of the war. In grisly, surrealistic, and, in one or two places, humorous accounts, Knox's subjects tell how the war felt, sounded, even smelled. Companies that had lost four commanders and fully a half or more of their men in little more than a month, streams of refugees fleeing the advancing Communists, the stench of fields and paddies fertilized with human excrement and spotted with rotting corpses—all come into view. Gen. Matthew Ridgway, who took over American forces in Korea in January 1951, gave his operations code names like "Killer" and "Ripper." When his superiors protested such uncouthness, Ridgway noted that he was "by nature opposed to any effort to 'sell' war to people as an only mildly unpleasant business that requires very little in the way of blood." Knox forces us, too, to confront war's hellishness, and the peculiarities of its horror in Korea.

AS MAX HASTINGS points out in *The Korean War*, however, filth, loneliness, and worse accompany all wars. Hastings rejects the notion that the average infantryman had an easier time of it in World War II. A British journalist, Hastings is also an ex-soldier himself. He has written a great deal of military history (including an account of the bombing offensive against Germany in World War II and a superb treatment of the Normandy battles), and he tells the Korean story smoothly and skillfully, and from a perspective quite unlike that of most Americans.

The result is a book rather wounding to American pride. He begins by telling us that Korea reveals, as did Vietnam, the "serious shortcomings of the American foot soldier—the man at the tip of the spear." (The remark has excited antipathy from at least one American military reviewer.) It is a theme that recurs throughout Hastings's book. He reminds us, for example, that over one-third of all U.S. Army prisoners of war died in captivity, as opposed to 15 percent of the Marines and five percent of British POWs. Implicitly, and in some cases explicitly, he suggests that this reflected poor morale and poor discipline on the part of Army troops. He contrasts it with the striking performance of British forces, including the valiant stand of the 29th Brigade along the Imjin River in April 1951.

Here and there Hastings breaks new ground. He has a chapter on the intelligence war, although it is rather thin on

Exercise More with Less

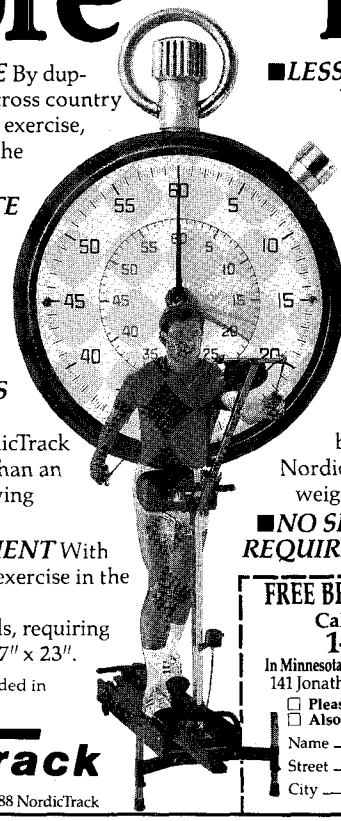
■*MORE EFFECTIVE* By duplicating the motion of cross country skiing, the world's best exercise, NordicTrack provides the ideal aerobic workout.

■*MORE COMPLETE* Unlike bikes and other sitdown exercisers, NordicTrack exercises all the body's major muscles for a total body workout.

■*MORE CALORIES BURNED* In tests at a major university, NordicTrack burned more calories than an exercise bike and a rowing machine.*

■*MORE CONVENIENT* With NordicTrack, you can exercise in the comfort of your home. NordicTrack easily folds, requiring storage space of only 17" x 23".

*Scientific test results included in NordicTrack brochure.



■*LESS TIME* Because NordicTrack is so efficient, you burn more calories and get a better aerobic workout in less time.

■*NO IMPACT* Running and some aerobic workouts can cause painful and potentially harmful jarring. A NordicTrack workout is completely jarless.

■*NO DIETING* No other exercise machine burns more calories than NordicTrack . . . so you can lose weight faster without dieting.

■*NO SKIING EXPERIENCE REQUIRED* Easy and fun to use.

FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO
Call Toll Free Or Write:
1-800-328-5888
In Minnesota 1-612-448-6987 In Canada 1-800-433-9582
141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
☐ Please send free brochure
☐ Also free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
255D8

NordicTrack
A CML COMPANY © 1988 NordicTrack

How many undeserved radar tickets were issued last year?

a) 1,012,317
b) 649,119
c) 0
d) No one knows

Unfortunately, the correct answer is d) No one knows. Over 10,000,000 tickets were issued last year. By some estimates, up to 30 percent of them were incorrect.

Traffic authorities like to say that radar is as accurate as a yardstick. And that's the problem. You know how two people can get different answers using the same yardstick. Even if only 1 percent of the tickets issued last year were the result of radar errors, that's still 100,000 undeserved tickets.

Our credentials

Our engineers are radar experts. They had to know every detail about traffic radar before they could design ESCORT and PASSPORT, the most respected names in radar detection and warning. *Road & Track* called us, "The industry leader in detector technology."

The Free Report

Now these engineers have released their new report: "How Radar Works." It explains the capability—and the limits—of radar in plain language. And it's free. Just call us toll-free or mail the coupon.

FREE REPORT ON RADAR

YES, I want to know how radar works, and how it makes me vulnerable. Please send your *free* engineering report right away.

Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 99958
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249-9502

TOLL FREE 800-543-1608

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evidence. He has spoken with a number of British participants and looked at British records, all of which provide a rather unusual perspective on the war. On the other hand, this book lacks the depth of research, particularly in American records, that characterizes his earlier books. This becomes particularly obvious when he discusses Chinese motivations and tactics. Monotonous references to "human wave tactics" obscure the more complicated realities of infiltration, camouflage, and night attacks—an operational style to which American forces were unaccustomed after fighting the more conventional North Koreans. Often the Chinese had not many more troops in Korea than there were South Koreans and U.N. troops to oppose them, although they continually replenished their forces (which suffered something like a million casualties in the course of the war) from vast reserves of manpower to the north.

Hastings's portrait of MacArthur, moreover, is a caricature. In seeking to blame one man for the defeat on the Yalu, Hastings overlooks a host of organizational problems that were only partially MacArthur's fault. His account of American ground forces in Korea—the Eighth Army and the quasi-independent X Corps—seems to derive not from the rich archival collections of declassified records now available to researchers, but from interviews and assorted British reports at the time. With all of its deficiencies, however, *The Korean War* tells the basic story reasonably clearly and reasonably accurately.

CLAY BLAIR'S *The Forgotten War* is a more imposing and important work. Over a thousand closely written pages, supported by a vast apparatus of footnotes, it is unwieldy, detail-ridden, and uneven, but it deserves an important place in the historiography of the Korean War. Although nominally a history of the whole war, it focuses almost exclusively on the first year of the war, and on the ground war in Korea itself. Blair has an unparalleled knowledge of the senior ranks of the U.S. Army during this period, doubtless acquired in the writing of two other massive and fascinating works, *Ridgway's Paratroopers* and *A General's Life*, about Omar Bradley.

Like Hastings, he paints a frequently unflattering picture of the American military, but he focuses on senior officers rather than the men they led. The collective portrait shows many generals too old for field command, and in one or two cases, surprisingly inexperienced—generals who had never quite had a chance at independent command in World War II. Most of the war-experienced commanders Blair does describe had made their names in armored warfare in Europe, including Gen. Walton Walker, Ridgway's predecessor, who died in a car accident in December 1950. One must wonder whether service in Patton's tank divisions was the best preparation for the hard infantry hill-fighting of Korea.

In a more careful and nuanced way, Blair raises many of the same charges that Hastings does. But he too, because of his focus on battlefield history, slights the larger forces and problems that contributed to the Eighth Army's variable fighting efficiency: the problem of recreating an American army from the low-quality volunteer force of 1949, for example, or the long-term effects of prolonged combat on the cohesion and effectiveness of fighting units. The Army's official historian records what happened when MacArthur reviewed the first American unit to enter Pyongyang in October 1950. "He asked all men in the company who had landed with it in Korea 96 days earlier, when it numbered nearly 200 men, to step forward. Only five men stepped forward; three of them had been wounded."

AS A collective portrait of the American officer corps at war, *The Forgotten War* is uniquely valuable. Blair does a particularly good job of painting the generalship of Matthew Ridgway, "a 12th-century knight with a 20th-century brain," and perhaps the greatest American field commander of this century. When he took over the Eighth Army in January 1951, nobody—not MacArthur, not even, despite their later protestations, the Joint Chiefs of Staff—thought that it would be possible to hold fast against the Chinese onslaught. Like many great generals, Ridgway's virtues lay not in devious stratagems, but in simplicity and force of character, in iron determination, in concentration on the basics of warcraft, and in a grim ruthlessness. He forced his men to leave their trucks and jeeps and take to the hills by foot; to dig in at night; to counterattack at every opportunity.

As Knox, Hastings, and Blair reveal, each in their different ways, the result was a near magical change in the mood and the effectiveness of the Eighth Army, which by the spring had broken the People's Liberation Army. As U.N. forces again advanced on the 38th parallel in the early summer of 1951, they collected prisoners by the thousands. Not Chinese resistance, but a high-level decision not to repeat the previous autumn's invasion of North Korea, stopped the advancing forces. One wonders what might have happened had U.N. troops pressed further, if only to gain some territory to bargain for peace. In the event, however, the false hope of a speedy armistice terminated the advance. Within months the Chinese had recovered and begun the construction of tunnels and bunkers along what would become, with some alterations, the current demilitarized zone.

IF RIDGWAY is the main hero of Blair's tale, MacArthur, the commander in chief of U.S. forces in the Far East and of United Nations Command in Korea, is the chief villain. Blair, like Hastings, seems incapable of striking a balance in his view of this exceedingly complicated man. MacArthur's recommendation to send ground forces to Korea was "one of the most ill-conceived decisions in the history of the professional military establishment," he writes. The daring Inchon landing behind North Korean lines in September 1950 was "neither a 'brilliant' nor an extraordinary concept." For Blair and many other authors, MacArthur is an object of unrelieved hostility and denigration: from Bataan to V-J Day his career was nothing but a fraud; and the fraud finally caught up with him in his last war. There is a less numerous school, championed by William Manchester in *The American Caesar*, according to which MacArthur was a veritable demigod of battle. Neither view is convincing.

MacArthur's unwillingness to accept control by his civilian and military superiors deservedly and belatedly cost him his job. He gratified his vanity and his arrogance by surrounding himself with sycophants; and he bears responsibility for much, though not all, of the calamity that befell the men under his command in 1950. But there is another side to the story too. Inchon *was* a brilliant maneuver, not despite the fact that it was so risky (tides and mudflats, as well as enemy positions, made it a terrible place for an amphibious assault), but precisely because its difficulty made it a surprise. Inchon was MacArthur's idea, and he had to persuade the Joint Chiefs of Staff as well as the local commanders to accept it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor can the Chinese intervention in November 1950 simply be left on MacArthur's doorstep. The Chinese threatened to intervene, and began large-scale preparations to enter the war, in the fall of 1950, when it looked as if U.N. forces would cross the 38th parallel. The decision to do so was not MacArthur's alone. It was supported by virtually all concerned, including Truman, the Joint Chiefs, and (with some reservations) America's allies. The march to the Yalu precipitated an inevitable Chinese intervention, but did not cause it; the Chinese had already spent months steeling their population for war and moving their best armies from the coast opposite Taiwan to Manchuria and North Korea.

Moreover, documents from MacArthur's headquarters suggest that his brittle confidence in his ability to handle a Chinese intervention rested on more than hubris. In October and November, his Tokyo headquarters had completed detailed studies of the war so far; they revealed that American air power had made an overwhelming contribution to the destruction of the North Korean People's Army, which if smaller than the PLA was far better equipped. MacArthur and his staff believed that air power would slaughter the ill-armed Chinese if they attempted to force the Yalu against U.N. ground forces holding the southern shore. He and his staffs were deeply and tragically mistaken, but their beliefs had some foundation in their experience thus far, and nobody in Washington had the insight and moral courage to question them.

THE JOINT CHIEFS of Staff have generally escaped censure over their role in the Korean War: MacArthur and to a lesser extent Harry Truman have absorbed most of the blame. Yet in retrospect the Chiefs' performance was less than creditable. Unable or unwilling to bring MacArthur to heel—he had been a well-known general while they were still junior officers—the Joint Chiefs neither challenged his judgments nor scrutinized his assessments. Contrary to claims advanced in various memoirs published in the 1960s, key members of the Joint Chiefs thought that Korea was lost in December 1950 and wanted to lay plans for an orderly evacuation through the southern port of Pusan. They saw the Chinese intervention as the prelude to an approaching world war, and their inclination appears to have been to concentrate all their efforts on preparing for that titanic struggle rather than fritter away time and energy on a peripheral conflict.

One comes away from these books with a sense of how difficult it is to do justice to the history of a war. Rare indeed is the author who can capture the politics of war yet render lucidly its tactical twists and turns on land and sea and air, who can treat in a balanced fashion not only the long-term forces of attrition but also the dramatic upheavals of battle—what Churchill called "the trends and episodes" of war. Some of the problems are intellectual, others what one might call political. In Korea, as in Vietnam, there is room, for instance, for a careful comparison of how different service branches—Army and Marine infantry, Air Force and Navy aviation—fought the same war. Yet a gentlemanly distaste for invidiousness and an awareness of the consequences of indulging it impede the development of such works.

WAS THE Korean War worth it? In the dark days of January 1951, when only retreat and evacuation seemed to lie ahead, Ridgway sought to explain to his men the cause for which they fought. In a one-page pamphlet distributed or read to every man in the Eighth Army, he declared:

> To me the issues are clear. It is not a question of this or that Korean town or village. Real estate is, here, incidental. It is not restricted to the issue of freedom for our South Korean Allies, whose fidelity and valor under the severest stress of battle we recognize; though that freedom is a symbol of the wider issues, and included among them. The real issues are whether the power of Western civilization, as God has permitted it to flower in our own beloved lands, shall defy and defeat Communism; whether the rule of men who shoot their prisoners, enslave their citizens, and deride the dignity of man shall displace the rule of those to whom the individual and his individual rights are sacred: whether we are to survive with God's hand to guide and lead us, or to perish in the dead existence of a Godless world.

For most soldiers war boils down to a matter of personal survival, physical and spiritual. Very often they see with disgust and disillusionment allies who shirk, comrades slain or mutilated to no purpose, an enemy apparently impervious to casualties, and no clear end or objective in sight. Korea was no exception. But some of the answer to the question "Why fight in Korea?" lay in the hideous sights uncovered when U.N. forces pushed the North Koreans back the first time, in the fall of 1950—the shallow

Call for any book

• Immediate shipment worldwide. • Credit cards or check. • Ask about our overnight gift delivery nationwide. • Free monthly New Title Forecast. • Mail orders welcome. • Open 24 hours every day.

BOOK CALL

1-800-255-2665

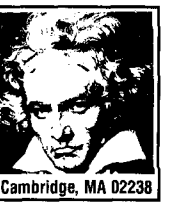
In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470

59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

CLASSIC T-SHIRTS!

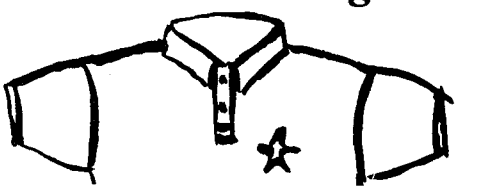
Beethoven, Hemingway, Da Vinci, Jung, J.F.K., Mozart, Shakespeare, Cheshire Cat, Twain, Darwin, Van Gogh, Gandhi, Nietzsche, Poe, Freud, Austen, Sherlock Holmes, others.

T-Shirt: (white or lt. blue) $11.75, 4/$42.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $20, 2/$38.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL. **Ship:** $1.75 per order.
Illustrated brochure: 75¢ (free with order)



Historical Products, Box 220 CT Cambridge, MA 02238

100% cotton/ Your logo!



The biggest difference between a Queensboro Shirt and a Lacoste or Ralph Lauren polo shirt is a Queensboro Shirt comes with your logo or design! Impeccable quality, minimum order just 6 shirts. All shirts guaranteed unconditionally for at least an entire year. For a price list, brochure and FREE CLOTH SAMPLES call 1-800-84-SHIRT (in NY 718-782-0200).

The Queensboro Shirt Company
Dept NR-5 119 N 11th St Greenpoint, NY 11211

HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY

by E. Waterhouse Allen

Wicked, informed satire about Bureaucratic Types you should recognize! Distilled from 50 years work in human service agencies. 1st edit., $3.95.

BARK-BACK
P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

"Is Mike Dukakis boring? Let's put it this way: if you loved Mondale, you'll like Dukakis."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review write to Dept. R-54, 150 East 35th Street New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graves filled with thousands of civilians as well as captured American and Korean soldiers bound and shot by their captors. An American POW, speaking of his march to captivity, told Knox that "one of our sergeants had been on the Bataan Death March in the Philippines. He said that our march was tougher and that we lost more men per mile than the people in the Philippines did."

At the war's end tens of thousands of captured North Koreans and Chinese clamored to remain in South Korea or to go to Taiwan rather than return to their native lands. And it is worth bearing in mind that the masses of refugees always trudged south, not north. One need not subscribe completely to Ridgway's words, spoken in the heat of battle to men who had seen comrades perish, to feel the force of his appeal. The Korean Communists, and to a lesser extent the Chinese, fought an exceedingly cruel war to impose on Koreans a regime that still embarrasses even its allies with its brutality. Hastings concludes his book by declaring that the war was "a struggle that the West was utterly right to fight." Not an uncontroversial judgment, perhaps, but a correct one.

ELIOT A. COHEN

Eliot A. Cohen teaches strategy at the U.S. Naval War College. The views expressed here are not those of any U.S. government agency.

Reconsideration: *Appointment in Samarra*

O'HARA'S MESSY MASTERPIECE

BY JOHN UPDIKE

WHEN HE BEGAN to write *Appointment in Samarra* in mid-December of 1933, John O'Hara was a 28-year-old, recently divorced journalist distinguished chiefly by the lateness of the hours he kept, the amount of liquor he could absorb, and the number of jobs he had been fired from. He had held and lost jobs with the Pottsville (Pennsylvania) *Journal*, the Tamaqua (Pennsylvania) *Evening Courier*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, *Time*, the *New Yorker*, *Editor and Publisher*, the New York *Daily Mirror*, the *Morning Telegraph*, the publicity department of Warner Bros., the public relations firm of Benjamin Sonnenberg, and a fledgling Pittsburgh magazine called the *Bulletin-Index*, of which he was editor for four months. In all of his positions O'Hara showed ability, but some combination of his irregular hours and innate abrasiveness produced an early departure. At the *New Yorker* under Harold Ross, according to the "Talk of the Town" editor, B. A. Bergman, O'Hara submitted "some excellent pieces—tightly written, graceful, revealing [but] for reasons I never discovered, Ross took a dislike to O'Hara from the day he was hired and rejected every O'Hara piece I turned in." The "Talk of the Town" job lasted one month.

The *New Yorker*, however, was O'Hara's one area of sustained success, as a free-lance contributor. The editors had taken his first piece in 1928 and, thanks in part to Katharine Angell's fondness for his work, over a hundred pieces thereafter. In early January of 1934 O'Hara wrote Ross, with typical semi-ingratiating cockiness, "I think it would be nice if you were to have a medal struck, or did something else in the way of commemorating what I believe to be a fact: that in the period beginning 1928 I have contributed more pieces to The New Yorker than any other non-staff man." But the *New Yorker*'s rates were not enough for anyone, let alone a man of O'Hara's bibulous and increasingly expensive tastes, to live on: he received $15 for his first contribution, and the going rate was ten cents a word, which amounted to a few hundred dollars a year.

It was Dorothy Parker, evidently, who encouraged the young Pennsylvanian, back in New York after abruptly quitting the Pittsburgh editorship, to concentrate his energy on a full-scale novel about Pottsville. His hometown had increasingly figured in O'Hara's fiction, and among his intended projects was a book of three long stories about it; he had already written "The Doctor's Son," based on his childhood as the oldest son of the dedicated, pugnacious Dr. Patrick O'Hara, and "The Hoffman Estate," a tale of country club types hastily written in an unsuccessful attempt to win the Scribner's Prize Novel award. He planned to add to these a third story about, he wrote his friend Robert Simonds in December of 1932, a "Schuylkill County gangster . . . a sort of hanger-on at a roadhouse which was occasionally visited by the Pottsville country club set."

Instead, a year later, living in a small eight-dollar-a-week room at the Pickwick Arms Club Residence on East 51st Street near the Third Avenue el, scraping by on occasional free-lance sales, he began a novel with a working title that Parker had given him, having discarded it for a collection of her poems—*The Infernal Grove*, after a poem by Blake. By February 12, 1934, he was able to write to his brother Tom a synopsis:

> The plot of the novel, which is quite slight, is rather hard to tell, but it concerns a young man and his wife, members of the club set, and how the young man starts off the Christmas 1930 holidays by throwing a drink in the face of a man who has aided him financially. From then on I show how fear of retribution and the kind of life the young man has led and other things contribute to his demise. There are quite a few other characters, some drawn from life, others imaginary, who figure in the novel, but the story is essentially the story of a young married couple and their breakdown in the first year of the depression. I have no illusions about its being the great or the second-great American novel, but it's my first. And my second will be better. All I care about now is getting it finished, written. I'll be able to edit and to polish off etc. after I've done the labor of setting down what I have to tell. I have done no rewriting up to now and very little editing.

Two months later, on April 9, O'Hara wrote Tom that he finished the novel. "I'm afraid I've muffed the story, but I can't do anything about it now. Oh, I know there'll be more work. I know it because I haven't got the sense of relief that I thought I'd have on finishing it. I've been working on it since December, and doing nothing else, and now I have to bat out some New Yorker stuff."

It is hard to believe he ever got to do "much more work"—"to edit and to polish off etc."—for *Appointment in Samarra*

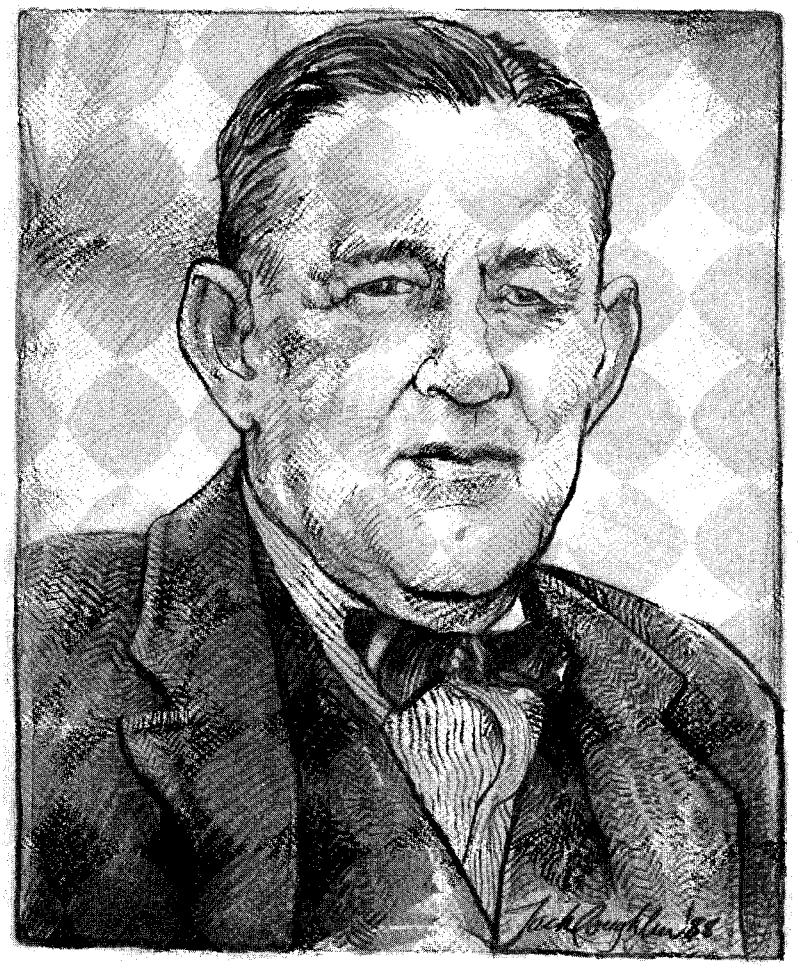
John Updike's latest book is *S.* (Knopf).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was published with what seems, today, lightninglike speed. Submitted in April, it was out by August and went through three printings. Harcourt, Brace, the publisher, had asked for some cuts reducing sexual explicitness, but even so the novel was attacked for obscenity by Henry Seidel Canby and Sinclair Lewis ("nothing but infantilism—the erotic visions of a hobbledehoy behind the barn"). However, the book was praised by Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, who wrote in *Esquire*, "If you want to read a book by a man who knows exactly what he is writing about and has written it marvelously well, read Appointment in Samarra by John O'Hara." Parker's praise was more epigrammatic and judicious: "Mr. O'Hara's eyes and ears have been spared nothing, but he has kept in his heart a curious and bitter mercy."

The "slight" novel, the "muffed" product of less than four months, has lasted. Though O'Hara wrote many more, and produced volumes of short stories as bulky as bulky novels, he never surpassed the artistic effect achieved by *Appointment in Samarra*. He belongs, with Hawthorne and Hemingway, to the distinguished company of American novelists whose first published novel is generally felt to be their best. Rereading *Appointment*, I was struck by the extent to which even it displays O'Hara's besetting weaknesses as a novelist—his garrulity and his indifference to structure. All sorts of irrelevancies stick up, almost like bookmarks, out of this saga of the fall of Julian English.

The subplot involving Al Grecco and Ed Charney, for instance, seems a leftover from the earlier three-part intention, the unwritten "Schuylkill County gangster" story. Though Luther and Irma Fliegler open and close the novel, they virtually disappear in the middle and seem rather inertly to represent the solid, uxorious Lutheran middle class that lies in the social scale just below the high-living Englishes. A certain hurry toward the end nips off a number of threads: Harry Reilly, so thoroughly introduced, rather melts away as a character, and Al Grecco's provocative early premonition that Caroline English "might be a cheater" comes to nothing. On the other hand, at a number of spots the authorial voice suddenly decides to tell us more than we ask to know about how to drive from Philadelphia to Gibbsville, how a small-city bootlegger works, how the anthracite strike of 1925 affected the coal-region economy, what memberships Dr. William English holds, what Mrs. Waldo Wallace Walker wears, and who all belongs to the Gibbsville Club.



DRAWING BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Yet none of this gratuitous detail is really deadening, for the complete social portrait of Gibbsville helps explain why Julian English, caught in this narrow world, so feebly resists destruction. Though O'Hara works up some details as to how to run a garage and car agency, Julian seems miscast as a Cadillac dealer, and indeed tells Father Creedon, in the book's odd moment of Catholic confession, "I never was meant to be a Cadillac dealer or any other kind of dealer." The priest's shrewd suggestion that Julian might be a "frustrated literary man" is brushed aside, as it would bring Julian too close to his creator, who wants to see Gibbsville from afar, objectifying into sociological detail the frustrations and rage he experienced in Pottsville.

Appointment in Samarra is, among other things, an Irishman's revenge on the Protestants who had snubbed him, a book in which O'Hara had taken his own advice to his fellow-Pottsville scribe Walter Farquhar: "If you're going to get out of that God awful town, for God's sake write something that will *make* you get out of it. Write something that automatically will sever your connection with the town, that will help you get rid of the bitterness you must have stored up against all those patronizing cheap bastards." Julian is named English, and he throws a drink into Harry Reilly's "stupid Irish face," after hearing him tell one too many humorous Irish stories; since Julian is O'Hara's hero and a "high class guy," the Irish author restrains his animus and gives English the benefit of his own sensitivity, observational powers, and (less attractively) impulsive bellicosity.

In the treatment of Julian's father, Dr. William English, a regional aristocrat and the lord of local medicine, O'Hara's animus is unrestrained: the senior English is described as, beneath his veneer of correct memberships and public decorum, murderously incompetent. He loves performing surgery on the men injured in mine accidents, yet can safely do it only under the direction of his inferior at the hospital, Dr. Malloy—the name O'Hara gave his own father in the autobiographical "The Doctor's Son." Dr. English gets a nurse fired after he overhears her say, "Trephine this afternoon. I hope to God Malloy's around if English is going to try

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it." Though this firing alienates Dr. Malloy, Dr. English, we are dryly told, "continued to do surgery, year after year, and several of the men he trephined lived." Not only are many hospital deaths on his head, but when his only son commits suicide, Caroline, Julian's wife, with a brutality just barely in character, accuses him to his face, "You did it. . . . You made him do it." It is hard to imagine how, other than by offering his son a model of small-city propriety and by expressing regret—just like Dr. Malloy in "The Doctor's Son," and O'Hara's father in real life—that his son refused to follow him into medicine.

To the powerful stew of ethnic awareness and filial tension that simmered within O'Hara he added the distress of his brief marriage (1931-33) to Helen Petit, called "Pet." She came from a well-to-do Episcopalian family in Brooklyn; her mother hadn't approved of her liaison with this brawling, hard-drinking Roman Catholic journalist, and indeed his drinking helped undo them. In 1932 he wrote Robert Simonds, "I wish I could take a vacation from myself. I have, of course, taken quite a number of overnight vacations; getting so cockeyed drunk that twenty hours elapse before I recover." Also, in these first years of the Depression, his writing career was doing little better than Julian English's Cadillac agency; he gave Julian his own quixotic chip on the shoulder and compulsion to offend those he should court. Yet before Caroline is finally alienated in one last shouting match of sarcasms and masked pleas, she shares Julian's terrible sudden slide, and a number of intimate touches show the tenderness that is being squandered:

> He walked slowly up the stairs, letting each step have its own full value in sound. It was the only way he knew of preparing Caroline for the news of Reilly's refusal to see him, and he felt he owed her that. It would not be fair to her to come dashing in the house, to tell her by his footsteps that everything was all right and Reilly was not sore, only to let her down.

So subtle a language of footsteps, with the elliptic conversation and the lovemaking that follows, could have been described only by a man with a marriage on his mind, and a real woman haunting it. The best passage of sociology in the book, which infuses its knowing with feeling and a remarkable empathy into female experience, is Chapter V, telling of Caroline's life before marrying Julian. The Englishes have a heterosexual relationship that makes those in *The Great Gatsby* and *A Farewell to Arms* seem romantic and insubstantial. The repeated offense O'Hara gave to Mrs. Grundy lay mostly, I think, in his insistence on crediting his female characters with sexual appetites, with sturdy and even sweaty bodily and psychological existences independent of male desires.

For all its excellence as a social panorama and a sketch of a marriage, it is as a picture of a man destroyed by drink and pride that *Appointment in Samarra* lives frighteningly in the mind. Julian's disintegration, within this society whose many parts are so zealously particularized, takes place in three days—a kind of Calvary, whose stations progress from the tossed drink that we do not see (though we experience it as a vision in Julian's mind and then as a burst of aghast gossip in the country club ballroom) to the almost comic drunken whirl and babble in which he spirits Helene Holman out to the Stage Coach parking lot and on to the unforgettable freak of the mammoth highball he mixes in a flower vase during his last earthly hour.

I first read *Appointment* as a teenager (because, I suppose, the scandal of it in Pottsville had stirred waves still felt in Reading, 40 miles away, 15 years later); this monstrous mad drink, and Julian's sodden retreat to the interior of his Cadillac, seemed to me then overwhelmingly dreadful—a liquid vortex opening a hole in the workaday world about me. How surprisingly brief, on rereading, the sentences are! Parker correctly spoke of the book's "almost unbelievable pace."

Julian's choice of an automobile as an instrument of death is a brilliant stroke. In this intensely American novel, the ubiquitous automobile serves as status symbol, as warm haven, as love nest, as contemplation cell, as communal signal; throughout, on these Gibbsville streets, people hear and see each other come and go in their cars, from Irma Fliegler's hearing the Newtons return to Julian's hearing Alice Cartwright leave, a sound Herbert Harley also hears. As the engines purr and the broken chain links clatter against fenders, an entire web of motion calls out to those in bed, bidding them be out and doing, warning them not to fall behind.

O'Hara was back in Pottsville for the Christmas of 1930, and we assume that the snowy weather is authentic, as well as the Ralph Barton cover on the *New Yorker* that Caroline is reading. Authenticity of this small factual kind became the byword of his fiction, and something of a fetish for him. But authenticity of a larger sort takes this novel almost, as it were, unawares: *Appointment in Samarra* is faithful to the way our fates sneak up on us and occur within a scattered social context that widens out to absolute indifference. Most events don't come to anything much, but there is accretion that can suddenly crush a life. O'Hara's

KNOT

Watching the close forest this afternoon
and the riverland beyond, I delineate
quail down from the dandelion's shiver
from the blowzy silver of the cobweb
in which both are tangled. I am skillful
at tracing the white egret within the white
branches of the dead willow where it roosts
and at separating the heron's graceful neck
from the leaning stems of the blue-green
lilies surrounding. I know how to unravel
sawgrasses knitted to iris leaves knitted
to sweet vernals. I can unwind sunlight
from the switches of the water in the slough
and divide the grey sumac's hazy hedge
from the hazy grey of the sky, the red vein
of the hibiscus from its red blossom.

All afternoon I part, I isolate, I untie,
I undo, while all the while the oak
shadows, easing forward, slowly ensnare me,
and the calls of the wood peewees catch
and latch in my gestures, and the spicebush
swallowtails weave their attachments
into my attitudes, and the damp sedge
fragrances hook and secure, and the swaying
Spanish mosses loop my coming sleep,
and I am marsh-shackled, forest-twined,
even as the new stars, showing now
through the night-spaces of the sweet gum
and beech, squeeze into the dark
bone of my breast, take their perfectly
secured stitches up and down, pull
all of their thousand threads tight
and fasten, fasten.

PATTIANN ROGERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

short stories in their drifting motion catch a moment in this almost unnoticeable process, this transformation of what we do into what we are. And what we are is seldom what we think we deserve.

Most men lead lives of quiet desperation, according to one of our few native sages, Thoreau. John O'Hara, as a doctor's son, and as a newspaperman, and as a roisterer and the holder of many part-time jobs, saw exceptionally much of the seamy, disappointed side of American life, and part of his expertise was not to melodramatize it, or to forget that the human will sparkles in even the dingiest folds of the social fabric. A curious cheerful toughness enlivens a loser like Pal Joey, and *Appointment in Samarra* does not leave us with the tragic sense of a rigorous destruction that, say, *Madame Bovary* does. Julian keeps the dignity of doing it to himself: Caroline thinks, "He was drunk, but he was Julian, drunk or not." He goes out jokily, with a last clock-smashing gesture for "the bastards," and, like his creator, gave as good as he got. Of the many gritty novels produced in the '30s, this one takes grit in its stride and breathes a curious poetry, a random factuality whereby a gruff and awkward man told the world he loved it.

mission that Speakes made up quotes for President Reagan at the 1985 Geneva summit. The conventions of gaffe publishing require Speakes himself to profess this a shocking revelation. (Pretty funny in a book that itself consists of quotes made up for Speakes by someone else.) Yet anyone who's ever opened the mail at a news organization knows that made-up quotes are the heart of a thousand daily press releases. Maybe the president's press operation should be held to a higher standard, although everyone also knows this is a president who needs a script to say "good morning" when a couple of senators drop by his office.

And surely you only have to imagine the scene to realize that the summit quotes were made up. Did NBC White House correspondent Chris Wallace ("astonished, flabbergasted") think that Reagan actually turned to Gorbachev and said: "Our differences are serious, but so is our commitment to improving understanding"? Yet Wallace, like everyone else covering the summit, put out this pap with a straight face. What's really shocking is that it took two professional wordsmiths to produce this gem (one to write it and another—Speakes—to "polish" it), and a third to repackage it into a salable anecdote.

The voices of outrage at Speakes's perfidy include George Reedy, who was press secretary for President Johnson. Quoted in the *Washington Post*, Reedy says he would never put out a made-up presidential quote without getting the president to approve it beforehand. That's what passes for standards these days.

Speakes brags about his clever use of derogatory nicknames to secure advantage in White House office politics. For example, he used to call communications director David Gergen, who is tall, "the Tall Man." Wow. Media profiles of Gergen (now editor of *U.S. News and World Report*) have described him, a bit more wittily, as "a goggle-eyed melon head" and as looking like the Cat in the Hat. Which only goes to show, as Reagan himself might note (with help), the superiority of the private sector.

"Just because you're Southern and you talk slow," Speakes observes, "people think you may think slow and you may not be very bright." No really, Larry, that's not the reason.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

to have proved that "Austria is not a distinct or real country." Why? Because they speak German? Anyone who has eaten in both Germany and Austria would immediately assert the culinary independence of Austria. Of course, someone who has grown up on British food might not notice the difference.

RANDOL SCHOENBERG
Princeton, New Jersey

TRB, *from page 4*

All these, of course, are the deadliest of Washington clichés by now. It would be far more interesting if Speakes were to report that Reagan is actually a stickler for detail, Nancy is sweet and sensuous, and Cap Weinberger is really six foot four. But the Washington memoir machine is programmed to produce factoids that can be digested without the aid of irony.

Scribners has achieved its goal of making page-one news, with the ad-

An almost unbelievable offer—but there is a reason!

Why would Haverhills "sell" this SL-0298 Cordless Shaver for only $12.95?*

But read the ad for an even more astonishing deal!

• *The self-sharpening shaving head of the SL-0298 gives you 70,000 cutting strokes per minute. The shaving foil is incredibly thin. It's the smoothest shave ever!*

We are one of the largest national mail-order houses. In order to make our operation even more efficient, we need to increase our customer file by at least 25,000 names per month. The best way to do this is to make an irresistible offer of quality merchandise—or as the Godfather put it, "an offer you can't refuse." The *SL-0298* is one of these.

The *SL-0298* is one of the finest cordless shavers at any price. It works on two standard AA cells and frees you totally from electrical outlets and awkward charging units. With alkali batteries, you can expect up to three months' shaves. The *SL-0298* is powered by a completely sealed Japanese precision micro-motor. The constantly self-sharpening shaving head gives you an incredible 70,000 cutting strokes per minute. The shaving head is so incredibly thin that you can comfortably read a newspaper through it. It all results in the fastest, smoothest shave you have ever experienced. The *SL-0298* comes in a velvetized travel case, with protective cap and cleaning brush.

We offer the *SL-0298* as a list builder and at the hard-to-believe price of $12.95. But we have an even more astonishing deal: ***Buy two for $25.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** With this offer, only mail orders acccompanied by check or money order can be accepted (no phone, no charge!). Please write your name and address on a sheet of paper; also write "**Code E412.**" Tell us how many *SL-0298*'s you want and include $2.95 for one (1) and $5.90 for three (3) *SL-0298*'s for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery). Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available. Mail to →

haverhills

List Building Division, Dept. SL-0298
131 Townsend Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORTHAMPTON DIARIST

Beyond Therapy

I TAKE A BACKSEAT to no one in my admiration for the author of the Zeitgeist Checklist, which is why I keep waiting for him to latch on to the spiraling, out-of-control costs of a college education. Out here beyond the Beltway it has become one of those incessant worries—like, say, nuclear war—that are locked permanently in the back of one's brain but pop to the front with some regularity. (Actually, I think it's safe to say that college costs pop to the front a lot more frequently than nuclear war.) Even inside the Beltway, the subject hasn't exactly been ignored, thanks to Education Secretary William Bennett's endless maumauing. Liberal policy types tend to view Bennett as a right-wing crank, and are quick to dismiss his complaint that much of the recent rise in college costs is unjustified. (It is, of course, sheer coincidence that so many of them feed from the college trough themselves.) But in the boondocks of western Massachusetts, Bennett has struck a nerve. Four of the country's most prestigious private schools are within a ten-mile radius of my home. All four recently unveiled their annual price hikes. Amherst College bumped its price up 8.6 percent, to $16,850. Smith: up 7.5 percent, to $16,840. Hampshire: up seven percent, to $17,100. Mount Holyoke was up "only" 6.9 percent, bringing its costs to $16,560 a year. And this after a year in which inflation was negligible.

THESE ARE FIGURES guaranteed to induce panic in young parents, a fact that most of the major brokerage firms, if not the universities themselves, have picked up on. When asked by a local newspaper reporter whether colleges were spending too much on "extras," as Bennett has charged, a Mount Holyoke official replied huffily, "How do you define what's necessary? No two people would agree where to draw the line on what's necessary to an excellent education, what contributes to it, and what is frivolous." Excuse me, but: what a crock. A few months ago my former employer, *New England Monthly*, took a look at how Mount Holyoke was spending its money and discovered that the new necessities for "an excellent education" included a $1.8 million riding stable and a makeover for the president's residence that cost over $100,000. And when the school realized that its location in downtown South Hadley did not offer the proper amenities for an appropriately excellent education, it simply bought up most of the small shopping district, which it is now redeveloping.

WITH ANY LUCK at all, a Benetton will be the centerpiece of this particular educational facility. Why do you have to be a conservative to see this as a scandal? We already have a Benetton in Northampton. We also have the largest wine store in New England, a sizable number of chic restaurants, and a five-block-long downtown that is about as precious as a revitalized place gets these days. (Eat your heart out, Mount Holyoke.) On a typical spring weekday the streets are clogged with people shopping their brains out, and on weekends there are actual traffic jams. All this in a town whose official population hovers around 30,000. To see this much economic activity—or, to put it another way, to see all this spending for the sake of sheer spending—is to realize that the "Massachusetts miracle" is an apt name indeed for whatever it is that has happened around here. I mean, where does the money come from? The major employer in Northampton is Smith College; however relentless the school may be in raising its costs, its salaries are scarcely in the stratosphere. So far as I can tell, the typical Northampton wage doesn't get much above the mid-20s. I suppose it's possible that all this discretionary income is the result of Michael Dukakis waving his magic wand over our state. Just between you and me, no one here really believes that. There was a wonderfully absurd controversy recently when MIT published *The Massachusetts Miracle*, which made the rather obvious point that economic booms cannot be induced by state governments. The controversy came because we don't want to say this out loud and tip off the national press. When you're trying to get your guy in the White House, some things are best left unsaid.

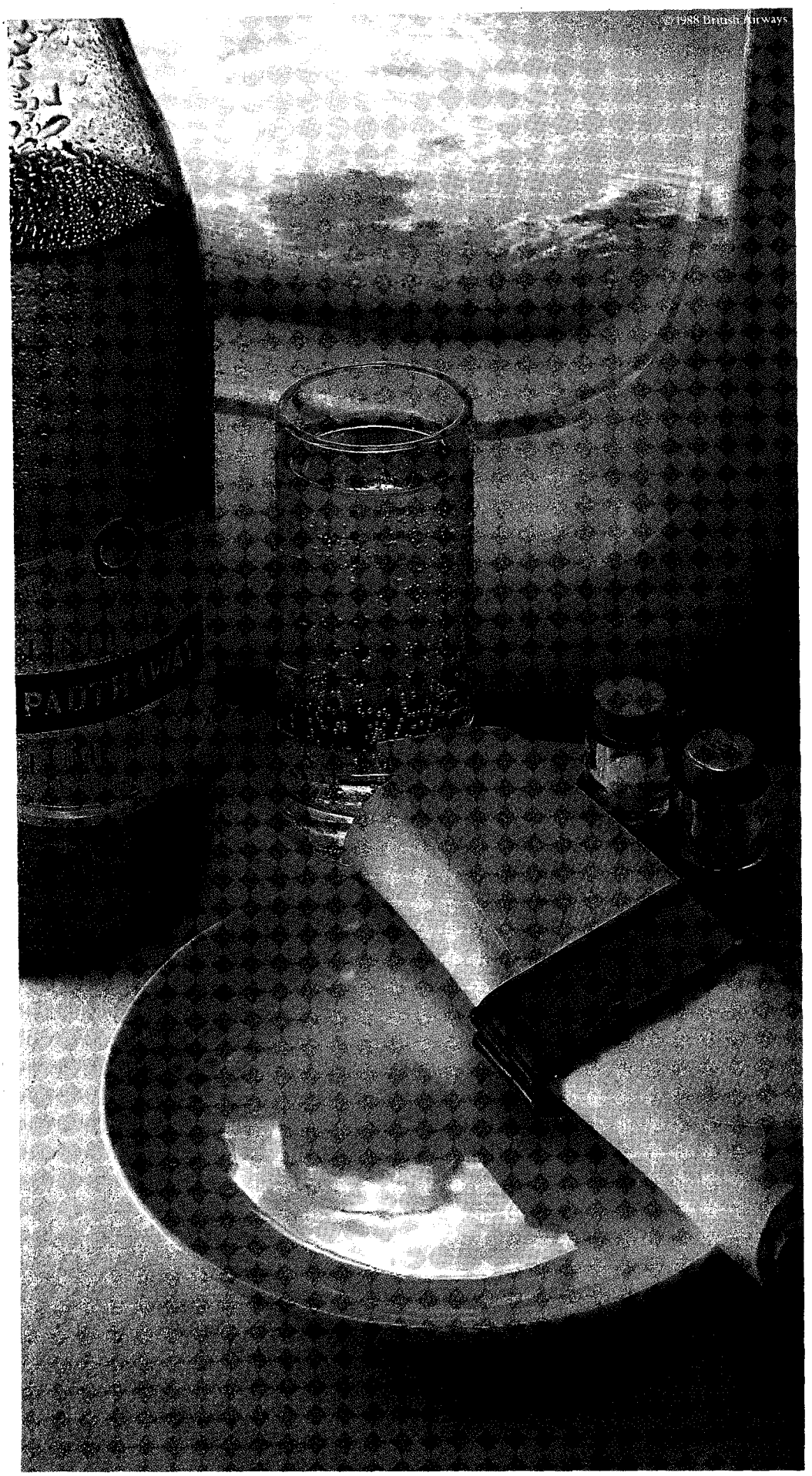
THUS, OTHER THEORIES abound. One is that in some mysterious way the money trickles here from Route 128, where that great symbol of the Massachusetts miracle, the computer industry, resides. (Nah . . .) A more plausible assumption is that everyone who has moved here has brought money from someplace else. This, essentially, is the theory Robert Kuttner posed some months back in these pages—that the dirty little secret among the young "haves" is that they are making their way with their parent's money. In the modern boonies, Kuttner's theory has become one of the more cynical staples of dinner party conversation: the where-does-their-money-come-from game. My favorite theory, though, is that psychotherapy drives our economy. This theory is based on the undeniable fact that, like every revitalized town, Northampton has a psychotherapist on every corner, most of them transplanted New Yorkers looking for a little small-town charm. And since there aren't enough of the rest of us to go around, they're all busy analyzing each other. Hence we have the Massachusetts equivalent of the island where everyone made a living taking in someone else's laundry. Perhaps here at last is the true slogan for the Massachusetts miracle: a computer in every home, and a therapist on every corner.

HAVE YOU heard about Alan Dershowitz's new television show? It's called "On The Record," and thanks to the miracle of cable, I saw his first effort last week on a Boston station. In the days preceding the show, Harvard Law's most shameless self-promoter had outdone himself hyping the program. "I don't like to be rude," he boasted in the promo, preening like Muhammad Ali in his prime, "but I believe that asking the tough questions is the only way to get at the truth!" He more or less promised to give it to his first guest, Geraldine Ferraro, with both barrels. Not even close. When the show began Dershowitz introduced Ferraro as a "close personal friend," and then spent the next half-hour tossing her "tough questions" that were more like big, wet kisses. "Gerry," he asked, "if you weren't such a prominent public figure, do you think your husband and son would have had the difficulties they have had?" You'll never guess her answer.

JOSEPH NOCERA

Joseph Nocera is a contributing editor of *Newsweek*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EVEN
ON BUSINESS,
YOU CAN
EXPERIENCE
BEAUTIFUL
SETTINGS.

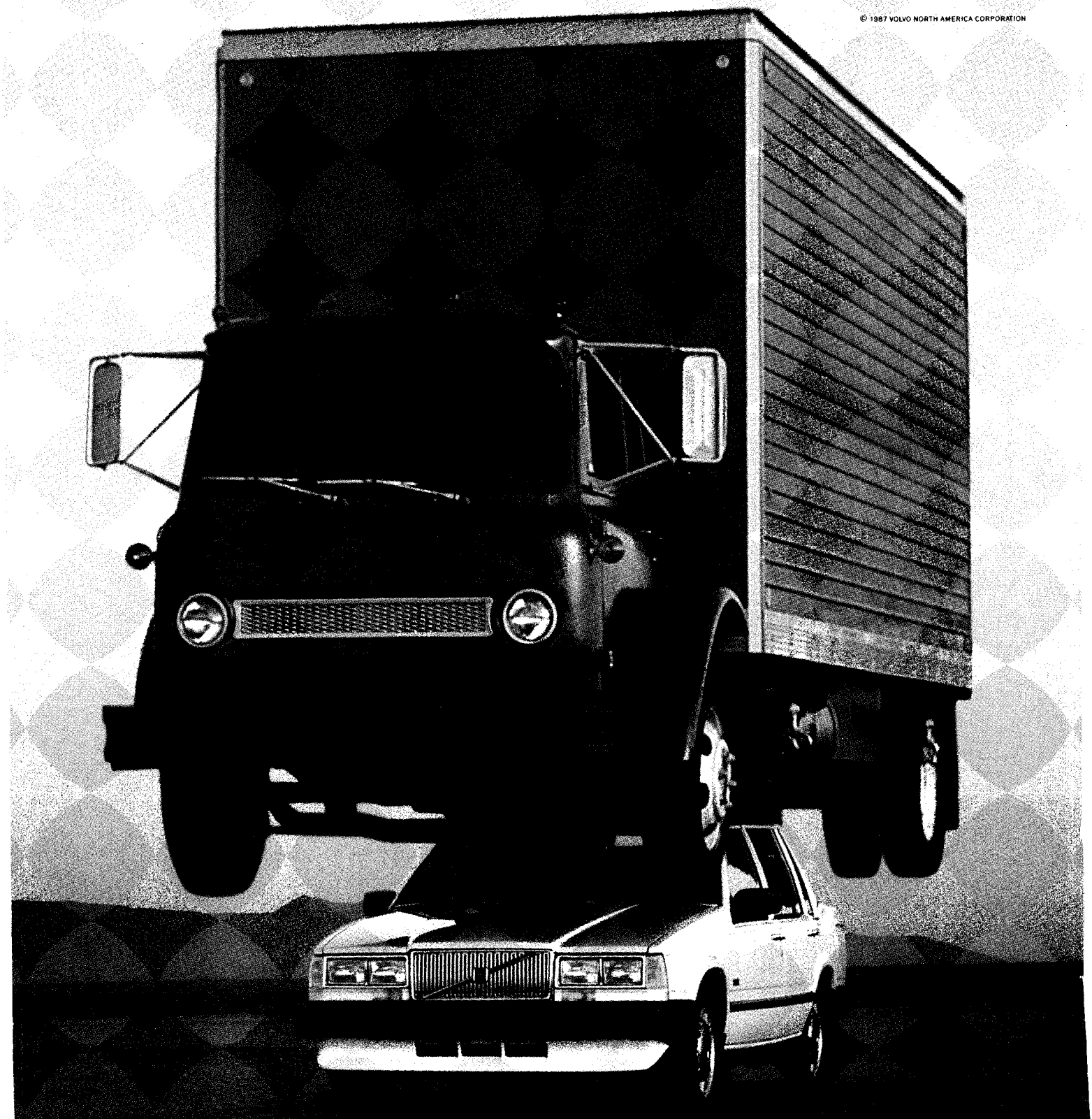
CLUB

From the comfort of your seat in our new Club® Class, you'll enjoy an unobstructed view of stylish glassware, elegant cutlery and Royal Doulton® china. And suddenly, business travel takes on a whole new perspective.

BRITISH AIRWAYS
The world's favourite airline®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1987 VOLVO NORTH AMERICA CORPORATION



HOW WELL DOES YOUR CAR STAND UP TO HEAVY TRAFFIC?

What you see here is exactly what you think you see here. A Volvo supporting the entire weight of a 6¾ ton truck. We sincerely hope you never find yourself in a predicament like this. But if you do, we sincerely hope you're in a Volvo.

VOLVO
A car you can believe in.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED